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Στυγνον τον υν ανευρον,
Δησαν τε καπεδησαν.
Χω μεν, βροχω καθαψας,
Εσυρεν αιχμαλωτον·
Ὁ δ', εξοπισσ' ελαυνων,
Ετυπτε τοισι τοξοις.

Theocritus on the Dead Adonis. Pig

Published by Vernor & Hood Poultry. 10 June 1799.

3 Et

THE
WREATH;

COMPOSED OF SELECTIONS

FROM

SAPPHO, THEOCRITUS, BION, AND MOSCHUS.

ACCOMPANIED BY

A PROSE TRANSLATION, WITH NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

REMARKS ON SHAKESPERE, &c.

AND

A COMPARISON BETWEEN HORACE AND LUCIAN.

By EDWARD DU BOIS.

Μικρα μεν εργα ταδ' εστιν· εχειδ' ήδειαν οδωδην·
Ὡς ροδον εν κηποις, ὡς ιον εν ταλάροις.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY;
FOR WHITE, FLEET STREET; EGERTON, WHITEHALL, LEE AND SOTHEBY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN; WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; EVANS, PALL MALL, AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

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TO

JOHN LITCHFIELD, Esq.

From you whom erudition has made a denizen of the republic of ancient letters, and whom taste has taught how to estimate "the living works of dead authors, as well as the dead works of living authors," the present can have little claim to attention: and I should not think of dedicating it to you, were it not for the opportunity it affords me of publickly assuring you how much I esteem the soundness of your judgment; from whose exertions I have experienced a pleasure inferior to none, but that which arises from the enjoyment of your friendship.

EDWARD DU BOIS.

Adelphi, April 1799.

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PREFACE.

"I WILL venture to assert," says Mr. COWPER, in the preface to his excellent version of HOMER [a], "that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible." This principle admitted (which implies an argument for the necessity of freedom in a translator to enable him to do justice to his original), exempts him also from the shackles of metre, and inasmuch as his liberty is increased, so much the more just and faithful will be his interpretation of the author. It consequently follows that the plan I have pursued, after DACIER [b] and

[a] To estimate the individual merit of POPE and this Gentleman in their respective performances of the identical work, I should say, that the former, with extraordinary facility of versification, seems, before he began, to have read over one or more books of Homer, then dismissing him, to have executed his task; whilst the latter, with equal powers of poetry, appears to have followed in the track of the original so nicely, as to have had an eye (if I may use the figure) even to the stone and cement with which the noble architect has formed his immortal fabric. Mr. Cowper's translation, notwithstanding its pre-eminence, has not been deservedly appreciated; however I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that time will raise it to a level with the most admired productions of a similar nature.

[b] Homer.

others, is, in every respect, best calculated to give the English reader a true taste of the delicate beauty, and captivating simplicity, of the sweetest bards of ancient times.

It is generally believed that ten syllables in a line without a rhyme, and with one, any measure whatever, constitutes poetry. No belief ever prevailed more than this does at the present moment, and none was ever more erroneous. A statuary may execute a figure to resemble, in every view, the shape and appearance of a man, but lacking the "*Promethean flame*," it is, after all, merely a cold and spiritless image of stone. Such is the verse of the majority of our modern poets—correctly *chisselled*, and to the *eye* admirably like what it is intended to represent: but wanting the inspiration of the god, it is simply the lifeless form of poetry. It is prose in the garb of metre; it is the ass in the lion's skin [c].

[c] HORACE has written to this effect. SAT. IV. Lib. I. ver. 40 to 44; and PETRONIUS in his SATIRICON, page 415, repeats the sentiment. Multos inquit *(Eumolpus)* ô juvenes, carmen decepit: nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit, sensumque teneriorem

I think I may confidently affirm that the almost literal translation of several of the subsequent pieces, is, without rhyme or measure, exquisite poetry; and that nothing less than the grossest falsification could divest them of that title. Let what will be done with the selections from BION and MOSCHUS, so full of imagery are they, and so amply do they exemplify the *ut pictura poesis* [d],

verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuo in Heliconem venisse, &c. And JOHN TAYLOR, the Water poet:

An ass in cloth of gold is but an ass,
And rhyming rascals may for poets pass
Among misjudging and illiterate hinds:
But judgment knows to use them in their kinds.

[d] When POETRY and PAINTING are noticed, it would betray a shameful want of taste, and an unpardonable neglect of the rarest genius, not to dwell with exulting admiration on the productions of MILTON and FUSELI. On MILTON all panegyric would be lost; on FUSELI the warmest would not be undeserved. His Miltonic Exhibition gives proof of a mind full of inspiration and sublimity, with powers of execution proportionate to the greatness of its conceptions.

ÆSCHYLUS has been said to be "the Painter's Poet;" and FUSELI may, with equal justice, be called *the Poet's Painter.* In the higher branches of the graphic art, no professor has conferred so much honour on the country as the subject to whom I am happy to have this opportunity of offering some tribute of praise, however poor and inadequate it may be to the feelings I experience.

that, though mutilated, there would still be found the *disjecti membra poetæ.*

In composing this WREATH of poetical flowers, which I have principally culled from *Sappho, Theocritus, Bion,* and *Moschus,* I have copied the Greek text of the three last from editions by HARLES and HESKIN. Where I thought it necessary, I have added notes; but, considering it cumbrous and inconvenient to illustrate every minute particular of antiquity, it is likely that for some they will not be found sufficiently numerous; to such, therefore, I recommend a reference to information of which various sources in books very familiar will readily be found. Indeed, if to any better should not be at hand, the concise account of the heathen mythology at the end of most Dictionaries, will speedily supply the deficiency.

As a portion of the subsequent pages are devoted to SHAKESPERE, it is but just that I make respectful mention of KEMBLE. In characters which do not transgress the modesty of nature, I must deny him my unreserved approbation; but in imaginary beings (beings living in the poet's fancy, and never seen in the walks of men) he is inimitable. Such are CORIOLANUS, MACBETH, RICHARD the THIRD, OCTAVIAN, ALEXANDER the GREAT, ROLLA, &c. &c. Here KEMBLE is in acting, what FUSELI is in painting.

I should do myself much injustice were I to conclude without mentioning the very friendly assistance I have received from Mr. Capel Lofft, the πολυμαθης και κριτικος, who not only honoured the present undertaking with his approbation, but to enrich it suggested many valuable remarks and elucidations, which are, with others, inserted in the course of the work. I shall not point them out, for they need no index—the hand of the master is so apparent in them all, as to render any other manifestation entirely unnecessary.

I have now nothing further to advance, but that if the Public should experience as much pleasure in perusing these translations as I have had in making them, I shall deem myself abundantly rewarded for the pains I have taken.

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ERRORS.

IN THE ORIGINAL TEXT.

P. 19, v. 31, for εμαινομεν, r. εμαινομην with the η, or with the α, according to Valkenaer.

49, v. 80, for Χαι, r. Και, with the kappa.

33, v. 10, χολᾳ wants the circumflex over α.

IN THE TRANSLATION.

26, l. 3, *The* is redundant before *Venus.*

38, n. s, for "meer" r. "mare."

38, l. 5, "fill'd" inftead of "filledst," for the sake of euphony.

35, quotation, for Id. δ', r. Id. ε'.

89, l. 16, for "loves" r. "love."

IMPROVEMENTS.

24, l. 11, χαροπωτερα seems better expressed by "more keenly lively," than by "more heavenly."

39, v. 5. After εγω the enclitic δ appears necessary.

55, l. 121. As Δικα is probably personified, it should have been printed with an initial capital, and translated not as a general proverb, but as a particular reflexion—thus, "*But* JUSTICE *has overtaken them all: and I,*" &c.

THE

WREATH.

BION.

EPITAPH ON ADONIS.

I LAMENT Adonis! The beautiful Adonis is no more! The Loves lament the loss of the beautiful Adonis. Sleep no more, O Venus, in purple robes. Rise, clad in woful weeds, and beat thy breasts, and say to all, The beautiful Adonis is no more!

I lament Adonis! The Loves lament! The lovely Adonis lies on the mountains; pierced is his white thigh with the tooth, the white tooth [a]. Gently expiring, he afflicts Venus with grief. See the black blood streams through his snowy flesh; his eyes languish beneath their brows, and the rose flies his lip. Together with him dies the kiss which Venus will never part with. Grateful indeed to Venus was the kiss, although of one no longer living; but Adonis felt it not, for she kissed him as he died.

Ver. 8. Perhaps, instead of Λευκῳ, it should be Αυγξῳ.
HESKIN.

[a] The pernicious tooth.

ΒΙΩΝ.

ΑΙΑΖΩ τον Αδωνιν· Απωλετο καλος Αδωνις.
Ωλετο καλος Αδωνις, επαιαζϐσιν Ερωτες.
Μηκετι πορφυρεοις ενι φαρεσι, Κυπρι, καθευδε·
Εγρεο δειλαια κυανοστολε, και πλαταγησον
Σταθεα, και λεγε πασιν, Απωλετο καλος Αδωνις.
Αιαζω τον Αδωνιν· επαιαζϐσιν Ερωτες.
Κειται καλος Αδωνις επ' ωρεσι, μηρον οδοντι
Λευκῳ λευκον οδοντι τυπεις, και Κυπριν ανιᾷ
Λεπτον αποψυχων· το δε οἱ μελαν ειϐεται αἱμα
Χιονεας κατα σαρκος· ὑπ' οφρυσι δ' ομματα ναρκεῖ,
Και το ροδον φευγει τῶ χειλεος· αμφι δε τηγῳ
Θνασκει και το φιλαμα το μηποτε Κυπρις αφησει.
Κυπριδι μεν το φιλαμα και ϐ ζωοντος αρεσκει·
Αλλ' ϐκ ειδεν Αδωνις ὁ μιν ϑνασκοντ' εφιλασεν.

I lament Adonis! The Loves lament. In his thigh Adonis has a cruel, a cruel wound; but Venus bears a greater wound in her heart. His dogs affectionate howl around the youth, and the nymphs, the Oreades, weep: and Venus herself, with dishevelled hair, mournful and careless of dress, wanders through the woods with naked feet. The brambles wound her as she strays, and prey upon her sacred blood. Crying with a shrill voice, she passes through the long valleys, calling the youth, and clamourously demanding her Assyrian spouse. The black blood sprang upward about his navel, and from his *thigh* tinged with ruddy hue his breasts. The sides of Adonis, before as white as snow, were turned to purple.

With me the Loves lament, ejaculating, Alas! O Venus, alas! Lost is her beauteous spouse, and with him lost her heavenly form. Lovely was the form of Venus whilst Adonis lived; but with Adonis died the form of Venus, Alas! Alas!

Ver. 26. For μηρων I read μηρω. *Doricè gen. sing.*

Αἰαζω τον Αδωνιν· επαιαζϐσιν Ερωτες.
Αγριον αγριον ἑλκος εχει κατα μηρον Αδωνις·
Μειζον δ' ἁ Κυθερεια φερει ποτικαρδιον ἑλκος.
Κεινον μεν περι παιδα φιλοι κυνες ωρυσαντο,
Και νυμφαι κλαιϐσιν Ορειαδες· ἁ δ' Αφροδιτα,
Λυσαμενα πλοκαμῖδας, ανα δρυμϐς αλαληται
Πενθαλεα, νηπλεκτος, ασανδαλος· αἱ δε ϐατοι νιν
Ερχομεναν τειροντι, και ἱερον αἷμα δρεπονται.
Οξυ δε κωκυϐσα, δι' αγκεα μακρα φορειται,
Ασσυριον ϐοωσα ποσιν, και παιδα καλευσα.
Αμφι δε μιν μελαν αἷμα παρ' ομφαλον ἡωρειτο·
Σταθεα δ' εκ μηρων φοινισσετο· οἱ δ' ὑπομαζοι
Χιονεοι τοπαροιθεν Αδωνιδι πορφυροντο.
Αι αι ταν Κυθερειαν, επαιαζϐσιν Ερωτες.
Ωλεσε τον καλον ανδρα, συνωλεσεν ἱερον ειδος.
Κυπριδι μεν καλον ειδος, ὁτε ζωεσκεν Αδωνις·
Κατθανε δ' ἁ μορφα συν Αδωνιδι Κυπριδος, αι αι.

The oaks and all the mountains cry, Alas, Adonis! The rivers weep the sorrows of Venus. The fountains on the hills deplore Adonis. The flowers colour with grief. But Venus lamentably through all the thickets and the city sings,

Woe, woe to Venus! The beautiful Adonis is no more! Echo replies aloud, The beautiful Adonis is no more! Who would not moan the hapless love of Venus? Alas, Alas! [b]When she saw and knew of Adonis's intolerable wound, when on his feeble thigh she perceived the purple blood, sighing with extended arms she cried, Stay, O Adonis! Unhappy Adonis, stay, that I may have thee at the last, that I may embrace thee, and mix my lips with thy lips.

[b] I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of quoting the following beautiful passage from Ovid's Met. lib. iv. fab. 4.

Sed postquam remorata, suos cognovit amores,
Percutit indignos claro plangore lacertos:
Et laniata comas: amplexaque corpus amatum,
Vulnera supplevit lachrymis; fletumque cruori

Ωρεα παντα λεγοντι και αἱ δρυες, Αι τον Αδωνιν·
Και ποταμοι κλαιϑσι τα πενϑεα τᾶς Αφροδιτας,
Και παγαι τον Αδωνιν εν ωρεσι δακρυοντι,
Ανϑεα δ' εξ οδυνας ερυϑραινεται· ἁ δε Κυϑηρη
Παντας ανα κυμμως και ανα πτολιν οικτρον αειδει,
Αι αι ταν Κυϑερειαν· Απωλετο καλος Αδωνις·
Αχω δ' αντεβοασεν, Απωλετο καλος Αδωνις.
Κυπριδος αινον ερωτα τις εκ εκλαυσεν αν; Αι αι.
Ὡς ιδεν, ὡς ενοησεν Αδωνιδος ασχετον ἑλκος,
Ὡς ιδε φοινιον αἷμα μαραινομενῳ περι μηρῳ,
Παχεας αμπετασασα κινυρετο, Μεινον Αδωνι,
Δυσποτμε μεινον Αδωνι, ϖανυστατον ὡς σε κιχειω,
Ὡς σε ϖεριπτυξω, και χειλεα χειλεσι μιξω.

Miscuit, et gelidis in vultibus oscula figens,
Pyrame clamavit, quis te mihi casus ademit?
Pyrame responde, tua te carissima Thisbe
Nominat. Exaudi: vultusque attolle jacentes.
Ad nomen Thisbes, oculos jam morte gravatos
Pyramus erexit, visâque recondidit illâ.

Rise, for a moment, O Adonis! and give me a kiss just before thou diest![c] Kiss me, if it be never so little, while yet the kiss has life; whilst thy breath may flow from thy soul into my mouth and into my liver,[d] and I will steal away thy sweet love. I will drink thy [e] love, but I will preserve this kiss as if it were Adonis himself, when thou, unhappy youth, dost fly me. Thou flyest far away, O Adonis, and goest to Acheron, to the sad and pitiless king: but I, miserable I, I live; for I am a goddess, and unable to follow thee.

[c] To kiss any one just as he was about to expire was reckoned among the principal duties of the survivor, who imagined he thereby received with his last breath the soul of his friend.

Of kissing, Favorinus says, Τι γαρ αλλο ποιουσιν οἱ τῳ ϛοματι φθανοντες η συναπτουσι τας ψυχας. *What else do they do who join their lips together, but mingle souls?*

And Aristænetus calls it ἡ μιξις αὐτη γλυκεια γινεται των ψυχων. *The sweet mixture of souls.*

[d] The ancients, as the poets will prove, fixed the abode of love in the liver. This circumstance was not unknown to Shakspeare. Biron, in *Love's Labour Lost*, says,

"This is the *liver-vein*, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose a goddess."

Ἔγρεο τυτθον Αδωνι, το δ'αυ πυματον με φιλασον·
Τοσσετον με φιλασον ὁσον ζωει το φιλαμα·
Αχρις απο ψυχης ες εμον στομα κ'εις εμον ἡπαρ
Πνευμα τεον ρευσῃ, το δε σευ γλυκυ φιλτρον αμελξω,
Εκ δε πιω τον ερωτα· φιλαμα δε τετο φυλαξω
Ὡς αυτον τον Αδωνιν· επει συ με δυσμορε φευγεις,
Φευγεις μακρον Αδωνι, και ερχεαι εις Αχεροντα
Και στυγνον βασιλια και αγριον· ἀ δε ταλαινα
Ζωω, και θεος εμμι, και ϗ δυναμαι σε διωκειν.

And ROSALIND to ORLANDO, in *As you like it*,

This way will I take upon me to wash your liver *as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.*

Here Shakspeare substitutes *liver* for *heart*, to shew his learning, and not for the sake of being better understood.

[e] Κυρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις·
Νεκταρ ην το φιλημα· το γαρ στομα Νεκταρος επνει·
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

A certain maiden kissed me one evening with moist lips: the kiss was nectar, for her mouth emitted the odour of nectar. Now am I drunk with a kiss, having imbibed much love.

Epigram. Anthолog. lib. 7.

Receive my spouse, O Proserpine; for thou art far more powerful than I am; and all that is lovely devolves to thee. But I am miserably wretched, and borne down with inexhaustible grief; for I weep Adonis, that he is dead to me, and I fear thee. Thou art dead, O most desired of my soul! Love has flown from me like a dream. Venus is a widow; and the Loves at home are vain and useless. With thee my cestus perished. Ah! why didst thou hunt, rash youth? Being so beautiful, why didst thou venture to encounter beasts? So mourned the Cyprian Goddess: with her the Loves lamented!

Woe, woe to Cytherea! The beautiful Adonis is no more! From the Paphian Dame fall tears as many as from Adonis drops of blood. These, all these, on touching the earth, turn to flowers. From the blood spring roses, anemones from the tears.

I lament Adonis! The beautiful Adonis is no more! O Cytherea, no longer weep thy spouse in the woods. There is a good bed of grass, there is a heap of leaves prepared for Adonis. The dead Adonis, O Venus, has this bed: and though he is dead, yet is he lovely; though dead, yet lovely [f] as if sleeping.

Λαμβανε Περσεφονα τον εμον ποσιν· εσσι γαρ αυτα
Πολλον εμευ κρεισσων· το δε παν καλον ες σε καταρρει.
Ειμι δ' εγω παναποτμος, εχω δ' ακορεστον ανιην,
Και κλαιω τον Αδωνιν, ὁ μοι θανε, και σε φοβευμαι.
Θνασκεις, ω τριποθατε· ποθος δε μοι, ὡς οναρ, επῆλ.
Χηρη δ' ἁ Κυθερεια· κενοι δ' ανα δωματ' Ερωτες.
Σοι δ' ἁμα κεστος ολωλε· τι γαρ τολμηρε κυναγεις;
Καλος εων τοσσυτον εμηνας θηρσι παλαιειν;
Ὡδ' ολοφυρατο Κυπρις· επαιαζυσιν Ερωτες.
Αι αι ταν Κυθερειαν· Απωλετο καλος Αδωνις.
Δακρυον ἁ Παφιη τοσον εκχεει, ὁσσον Αδωνις
Αἱμα χεει· τα δε παντα ποτι χθονι γιγνεται ανθη·
Αἱμα ροδον τικτει· τα δε δακρυα ταν ανεμωναν·
Αιαζω τον Αδωνιν· Απωλετο καλος Αδωνις.
Μηκετ' ενι δρυμοισι τον ανερα μυρεο, Κυπρι·
Εστ' αγαθα στιβας, εστιν Αδωνιδι φυλλας ἑτοιμα.
Λεκτρον εχει, Κυθερεια, το σον τοδε νεκρος Αδωνις·
Και νεκυς ων καλος εστι, καλος νεκυς οἱα καθευδων.

[f] ——————— *Death*
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty. ROM. and JUL.

V. 57. Ὁ μοι θανε—διὰ τοῦτο, ὅτι μοι θανε, for this cause, that he is dead. So EURIP. in HEC.

——————— Ὁ και με γης
Ὑπεξεπεμψεν.

V. 61. Εμεινας. Brunck, it should have been observed at Ver. 12, reads αφησει without the aspirate, which is confirmed by the Cod. Reg.

Place him in the soft robes in which he lay; in which with thee in a golden bed he took throughout the night a heavenly repose. Seek Adonis, although his aspect is sad. Place him amidst crowns and flowers. Alas! no. All; the flowers all withered when he [g] died! Sprinkle him with myrtles, with unguents, with perfumes. Let all perfumes perish: Adonis, thy love, thy perfume [h], is no more.

The delicate Adonis was stretched out in purple robes. Round him the Loves, cutting off their [i] hair, for the love of Adonis, stand weeping and sighing. This on his arrows; that tramples on his bow; another breaks his light quiver; another brings water in golden cauldrons; another washes his thighs; and another behind cools Adonis with his wings.

The Loves lament for Cytherea. Hymen has extinguished his torch on the threshold, and unwreathed the nuptial crown. No longer Hymen! Hymen is no longer the song; but Ah! and Alas! is all we sing. Alas! for Hymen! Alas, Alas! for Adonis!

g Ophelia. *I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.* Hamlet.

Κατθεο και μαλακοις ενι φαρεσιν οις ενιαυεν,
Τοις μετα σευ ανα νυκτα τον ἱερον ὑπνον εμοχθει,
Παγχρυσῳ κλιντηρι· ποθει και στυγνον Αδωνιν.
Βαλλε δ' ενι στεφανοισι και ανθεσι· παντα συν αυτῳ,
Ὡς τῆνος τεθνακε, και ανθεα παντ' εμαρανθη.
Ραινε δε μιν μυρτοισιν, αλειφασι, ραινε μυροισι·
Ολλυσθω μυρα πάντα· το σον μυρον ωλετ' Αδωνις.
Κεκλιται ἄβρος Αδωνις εν ἑιμασι πορφυρεοισιν·
Αμφι δε μιν κλαιοντες αναστεναχεσιν Ερωτες,
Κειραμενοι χαιτας επ' Αδωνιδι· χὠ μεν οἵστως,
Ὅς δ' επι τοξον εβαιν', ὁς δ' ευπλεκον αγε φαρετρην·
Χὠ μεν ελυσε πεδιλον Αδωνιδος, ὁς δε λεβησι
Χρυσειοις φορεησιν ὑδωρ, ὁ δε μηρια λουει·
Ὅς δ' οπιθεν πλερυγεσσιν αναψυχει τον Αδωνιν.
Αυταν ταν Κυθερειαν επαιαζεσιν Ερωτες.
Εσβεσε λαμπαδα πασαν επι φλιαις Ὑμεναιος,
Και στεφος εξεπετασσε γαμηλιον· εκετι δ' Ὑμαν,
Ὑμαν εκετ' αειδομενον μελος, ἀδεται αι αι·
Αι αι και τον Αδωνιν ετι πλεον, αι Ὑμεναιον.

h *And with them words of so sweet breath composed,*
As made the things more rich—their perfume lost,
Take these again. OPHELIA.

i The greatest mark of sorrow among the ancients.

V. 73. εμοχθει. I am unable to express the delicacy, yet intelligibility of this word. In Latin it is translated *elaborabat.*

The Graces weep bitterly for the son of Cinyras, saying amongst themselves, and they say it with a more piercing voice than thou, O Dione, The beautiful Adonis is no more! And the Muses Adonis, they deplore Adonis, and strive to recall him with a song; but he hears them not; not indeed that he is not willing; but Proserpine permits him not to depart. Leave off mourning, O Cytherea, and abstain to-day from thy tender lamentations; for it behoves thee to grieve again, and every year[k] to weep.

[k] The festivals in memory of Adonis lasted two days every year. The first was passed in excessive grief and sorrow for his loss; the last in tumultuous joy for his fancied recovery.

Osiris being celebrated in a similar manner, Stephanus imagines that Adonis and Osiris are the same person.

Is not Osiris also equivalent in meaning to Adonis, which appears to strengthen the conjecture? השיר Ha-shîr, or O-sîr, *the Prince*; so *Sirius*, the *Leader* of the Stars, in lustre pre-eminent above all. Vide Note in the next page.

These feasts were observed amongst the Jews, as appears from the eighth chapter of Ezekiel.

It has been said that the Jews refrain from eating pork for no other reason but that Adonis was killed by a boar.

This reason, however, does not seem to maintain itself, the whole Jewish œconomy being founded on a principle adverse to the rites of other nations. Many of the prohibitions of the Mosaic institute appear to be allegorical; several for the sole purpose of opposition to the rites of the neighbouring nations; and others, as this of pork, probably on medical considerations, relative to the constitution of the inhabitants and the climate.

Αἱ Χαριτες κλαιοντι τον υἱεα τῶ Κινυραο,
Ωλετο καλος Αδωνις, εν αλληλῃσι λεγοισαι·
Αυται δ' οξυ λεγοντι πολυ πλεον η τυ Διωνα.
Και Μοιραι τον Αδωνιν ανακλαιεσιν Αδωνιν,
Και μιν επαειδεσιν· ὁ δε σφισιν εκ επακουει,
Ου μαν, εκ εθελει, κωρα δε μιν εκ απολυει.
Λῆγε γοων, Κυθερεια, τοσημερον ισχεο κωμων·
Δει σε παλιν κλαυσαι, παλιν εις ετος αλλο δακρυσαι.

V. 94, 95. Και Μοισαι τον Αδωνιν ανακλαιεσιν, Αδωνιν
Καλον επαειδεσιν. BRUNCK.

——— *Eurydicen* vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
Ah *miseram Eurydicen!* animâ fugiente vocabat. GEOR. IV.

V. 96. Ου μαν ὁκκ' εθελει, or rather εθελη. BRUNCK on a conjecture of Koen.

Perhaps it is not necessary to disturb the reading received in the text, which may be a *Litotes*, like this of *Milton*,—*Nor did they not perceive*, &c. P. L. 1.—they greatly were sensible.

V. 98. Some have treatcd the lamentations on the Death of Adonis as symbols of the brief life and sudden extinction of human pleasures. Hence the Garden too of Adonis, fleeting but fair remembrances of perishable delight; and, with a little alteration of a passage in the HENRY VI. we might say,

Life's promises are like Adonis' Gardens,
Which one day bloom, and wither'd are the next.

Others think Adonis (Adon, Adonai, *Lord*, in the Syrian and Phœnician dialect) to mean the SUN, who is to this nether world the visible and apparent lord both of light and life, as our great Poet expresses it; and that the lamentations and rejoicings were on his winter tropical conversion, as of death and reappearance.

Comparing the sixteenth verse of the eighth chapter of Ezekiel with the fourteenth, Thammuz (or Adonis) and the Sun are con-

THEOCRITUS.

ON THE DEAD ADONIS.

As Cytherea now saw Adonis dead, his hair hideous, and his cheek pale, she ordered the Loves to bring the Boar to her.

They quickly, like birds, coursing the whole wood, found the hateful Boar, and bound him over and over again. This fastening him with a rope, dragged him along a captive; and that, urging him on from behind, struck him with bows. But the beast went fearfully, for he dreaded Cytherea.

Venus said unto him, O thou of all Brutes the vilest! Didst thou injure this thigh? Didst thou strike my husband?

Thus spoke the Beast: I swear to thee, O Cytherea, by thee thyself, and by thine husband, and by these my bonds, and by these hunters,

sidered there as the same. Thammuz seems to be from תמה, Stupor, Admiratio, the very Greek word, θαυμα. And if Thammuz be the Sun, Iris (the Rainbow) is most truly Thaumantias, the Daughter of Thaumas.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ.

ΑΔΩΝΙΝ ἡ Κυθηρη
Ὡς ειδε νεκρον ηδη,
Στυγναν εχοντα χαιταν,
Ωχραν τε την παρειαν,
Αγειν τον ὑν προς αὑτην
Εταξε τως Ερωτας.
Οἱ δ' ευθεως, ποτανοι
Πασαν δραμοντες ὑλαν,
Στυγνον τον ὑν ανευρον,
Δησαν τε κᾳπεδησαν.
Χὡ μεν, βροχῳ καθαψας,
Εσυρεν αιχμαλωτον·
Ὁδ,' εξοπισθ' ελαυνων,
Ετυπτε τοισι τοξοις.
Ὁ θηρ δ' εβαινε δειλως·
Φοβειτο γαρ Κυθηρην.
Τῳ δ' ειπεν Αφροδιτα·
Παντων κακιστε θηρων,
Συ τονδε μηρον ιψω;
Συ μȣ τον ανδρ' ετυψας;
Ὁ θηρ δ' ελεξεν ὡδε·
Ομνυμι σοι, Κυθηρη,
Αυτην σε, και τον ανδρα,
Και ταυτα μȣ τα δεσμα,
Και τωσδε τως κυναγως,

I did not wish to strike thy beautiful husband. But I beheld him as an image, and being unable to bear the ardour of my passion, I madly desired to kiss his thigh, which he had naked: and if thou art angry with [i] me, taking these teeth, O Venus, punish them, root them out: for why do I carry teeth which, belonging to Love, are to me of no use? If these do not satisfy thee, take also my lips.

But the Cyprian Goddess pitied him [k], and told the Loves to free him from his bonds.

Ever since he has followed Venus, and gone no more into the wood. But approaching the fire, he burnt out the teeth which, through Love, had done the injury.

[i] Κ'αι μευ κατεςυγναζευ. REISKE. According to the text, *And it hurt me.*

[k] In this place, after the 39th verse in the Greek, is inserted, agreeable to Valckenaer and Brunck, ex cod. Vaticano, [τι γαρ φιλειν ετολμων;] *For why did I dare to love?*

Τον ανδρα τον καλον σευ
Ουκ ηθελον παταξαι·
Αλλ᾽ ὡς αγαλμ᾽ εσειδον·
Και μη φερων το καυμα,
Γυμνον, τον ειχε, μηρον
Εμαινομεν φιλασαι·
Και μευ κατεσιναζε.
Τετες λαβεσα Κυπρι,
Τετες κολαζε, τεμνε
(Τι γαρ φερω περισσες;)
Ερωτικες οδοντας.
Ει δ᾽ εχι σοι ταδ᾽ αρκει,
Και ταυτ᾽ εμε τα χειλη.
Τον δ᾽ ηλεησε Κυπρις,
Ειπεν τε τοις Ερωσι
Τα δεσμα οἱ ᾽πιλυσαι.
Εκ τωδ᾽ επηκολεθει,
Και ὑλαν εκ εβαινε.
Και, τῳ πυρι προσελθων,
Εκαιε τως Ερωτας.

Ver. 43. Brunck reads δη πυρι.

FROM THE SAME.

THE THIEF.

A WICKED bee, once upon a time, stung the thief Cupid, who was stealing a honeycomb from the bee-hives; and pained all the tips of the fingers of his hands. He pined, and blew his hand, and stamped on the ground, and skipped away. But he shewed his smart to Venus, and complained that a bee, being such a little trifling animal, should inflict such severe wounds. The mother, laughing, replied, "But thou? Art not thou like the *Bee?* Thou art, indeed, but little, yet what [severe] wounds dost thou inflict?"

ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ.

ΤΟΝ κλεπταν ποτ' Ερωτα κακα κεντασε μελισσα,
Κηριον εκ σιμβλων συλευμενον· ακρα δε χειρων
Δακτυλα παντ' υπενυξεν· ὁ δ' αλγεε, και χερ' εφυσση·
Και ταν γαν επαταξε, και ἁλατο· τᾳ δ' Αφροδιτᾳ
Δειξεν ταν οδυναν, και μεμφετο, ὁττι γε τυτθον
Θηριον εντι μελισσα, και ἁλικα τραυματα ποιει.
Χἁ ματηρ γελασασα· Τυ δ'; ϐκ ισος εσσι μελισσαις;
Χὡς τυτθος μεν εης, τα δε τραυματα ἁλικα ποιεις;

Ver. 7. For μελισσαις Brunck properly substitutes μελισσᾳ.

FROM THE SAME.

THE HERDSMAN.

Eunica laughed at me when I wished to kiss her sweetly, and reviling me, said these things: "To the deuce! Get thee gone from me: being a herdsman, dost thou, pitiful wretch, presume to kiss me? I have not learned to kiss clowns, but to press the lips of those who live in cities. Thou shalt not kiss my pretty mouth; no, not even in thy dreams. What are thy looks! What thy conversation! How clownishly thou sportest! How gently thou talk'st! How sweet the words thou utter'st! How smooth the little beard thou hast! How delicate thy locks! Thy lips are sickly, thy hands black, and thou dost smell filthily. Away from me, lest thou shouldst contaminate me."

Saying such things, she spit three times *out of contempt* [1], and still viewed me from head to foot, muttering between her lips, and casting her eyes at me sideways: and playing the coquette on account of her shape, with a sarcastic sneer, she insolently derided me. But my blood soon grew warm, and

[1] According to the Greek, *in her bosom.*

ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ.

ΕΥΝΙΚΑ μ' εγελαξε θελοντα μιν ἀδυ φιλασαι·
Και μ' επικερτομεοισα ταδ' ενγεπεν· Ερρ' απ' εμειο.
Βωκολος ων εθελεις με κυσαι; ταλαν, ϐ' μεμαθηκα
Ἀγροικως φιλεειν, αλλ' αστυκα χειλεα θλιϐειν.
Μη τυ γε μευ κυσῃς το καλον στομα, μηδ' εν ονειροις.
Ὁια βλεπεις, ὁπποια λαλεις, ὡς αγρια παισδεις·
Ὡς τρυφερον λαλεεις, ὡς κωτιλα ρηματα φρασδεις·
Ὡς μαλακον το γενειον εχεις, ὡς ἁδεα χαιταν.
Χειλεα τοι νοσεοντι, χερες δε τοι εντι μελαιναι·
Και κακον εξοσδεις. Απ' εμευ φυγε, μη με μολυνῃς.
Τοιαδε μυθιζοισα, τρις εις ἑον επτυσε κολπον,
Και μ' απο τας κεφαλας ποτι τω ποδε συνεχες ειδεν,
Χειλεσι μυχθιζοισα, και ομμασι λοξα βλεποισα·
Και πολυ τα μορφα θηλυνετο, και τι σεσαρος
Και σοβαρον μ' εγελαξεν. Εμοι δ' αφαρ εζεσεν αἱμα,

Ver. 3. is badly pointed. The mark of interrogation should be after ταλαν;

Ver. 13. μυθιζοισα or μυθισδοισα.

I became red as the dewy rose with rage. Leaving me, she went away, and I bear anger concealed in my heart, because, agreeable as I am, the wicked hussy ridiculed me.

Tell me, truly, O ye shepherds! Am I not handsome? Has any god suddenly made a different man of me? For ere this, my beard growing thick, a certain sweet beauty blossomed on me as ivy on the trunk of a tree: and my hair, like parsley [m], was spread around my temples. My white forehead shone over my black eyebrows, and my eyes were more heavenly than Minerva's: my mouth was *softer* than curdled milk [n], and from it issued a voice sweeter than a honeycomb. My song is pleasing, and I modulate the flagelet, and I play on the flute, and on the hollow reed, and on the crooked pipe. All the women on the mountains call me handsome, and they all love me, yet the townswoman did not love me.

[m] Of which it was a custom to make crowns.

[n] Thus the Cyclops in describing the charms of Galatea.

Mollior et cygni plumis, et lacte coacto.

Met. lib. 12. fab. 8. v. 78.

Και χροα φοινιχθην ὑπο τ' ωλγεος, ὡς ροδον ἑρσᾳ.
Χἀ μεν εβα με λιποισα· φερω δ' ὑποκαρδιον οργαν
Ὁττι με τον χαριεντα κακα μωμησαθ' ἑταιρα.
Ποιμενες ειπατε μοι το κρηγυον· ϐ καλος εμμι;
Η ρα τις εξαπινας με θεος βροτον αλλον ετευξε;
Και γαρ εμοι τοπαροιθεν επανθεεν ἀδυ τι καλλος,
Ὡς κισσος ποτι πρεμνον, εμαν δ' επυκαζεν ὑπηναν·
Χαιται δ' οἱα σελινα περι κροταφοισι κεχυντο·
Και λευκον το μετωπον επ' οφρυσι λαμπε μελαιναις·
Ομματα μοι γλαυκας χαροπωτερα πολλον Αθανας·
Το στομα και πακτας γλυκερωτερον· εκ στοματων δε
Ερρεε μοι φωνα γλυκερωτερα η μελι κηρω.
Ἀδυ δε μοι το μελισμα, και ην συριγγι μελισδω,
Κην αυλῳ λαλεω, κην δωνακι, κην πλαγιαυλῳ.
Και πασαι καλον με κατ' ωρεα φαντι γυναικες,
Και πασαι με φιλευντι· τα δ' αστυκα μ' ϐκ εφιλασεν,

V. 16. Petruchio. ———— *clear*
As morning roses newly washed with dew.

V. 26. For γλυκερωτερον, Valck. proposes ἁπαλωτερον.

V. 31. Winterton reads φιλευνθ', ἁ δ' αστυκα ϐκ εφιλασεν, but the neuter seems to be taken elegantly here for the feminine; *this courtly thing.*

but because I am a herdsman neglected me. She never hears how beautiful Bacchus drove a heifer in the valleys, and knows not that the Venus was madly enamoured of a herdsman, and with him fed his cattle on the Phrygian mountains. She loved Adonis himself in the woods, and in the woods she wept for him. But who was Endymion? Was he not a herdsman? The Moon loved him although he fed bulls, and descending from heaven, she came to the Latmian wood, and slept together with the boy. And thou, Rhea! thou dost grieve for a herdsman? And thou, O Jupiter, wert not thou *a bird,* made to stray for a boy who tended bulls?

But Eunica alone loved not a herdsman, as if truly she were better than Cybele, Venus, and Diana. Henceforth, *O Eunica,* may'st thou never love a sweet youth, either in the city or on the mountain, but may'st thou sleep alone throughout the night.

Αλλ', ὁτι βωκολος εμμι, παρεδραμε· κ' ϐποτ' ακϐει,
Ὡς καλος Διονυσος επ' αγκεσι πορτιν ελαυνει·
Ουκ εγνω δ', ὁτι Κυπρις επ' ανερι μηνατο ϐϐτᾳ,
Και Φρυγιης ενομευσεν εν ωρεσιν· αυτον Αδωνιν
Εν δρυμοισι φιλασε, και εν δρυμοισιν εκλαυσεν.
Ενδυμιων δε τις ην; ϐ βωκολος; ὁν τε Σελανα
Βϐκολεοντα φιλασεν, απ' ϐλυμπῶ δε μολοισα
Λατμιον αν ϳαπος ηλθε, και εις ἑνα παιδι καθευδε;
Και τυ, Ρεα, κλαιεις τον βωκολον· ϐχι δε και τυ,
Ω Κρονιδα, δια παιδα βοηνομον αυτος επλαγχθης;
Ευνικα δε μονα τον βωκολον ϐκ εφιλασεν,
Ἁ Κυϐελας κρεσσων και Κυπριδος, ἁ τε Σελανας·
Μηκετι μηδε συ, Κυπρι, τον ἁδεα μητε κατ' αστυ,
Μητ' εν ορει φιλεοις, μωνη δ' ανα νυκτα καθευδοις.

V. 41. " Loco *αυτος* in cod. Vatic. legitur *ορνις*." I need not say that by the bird and tender of bulls are meant the Eagle and Ganymedes.

V. 44. I have adopted the conjecture of Warton and Casaubon, who, by the word Κυπρι understood *Eunica*. Harles, however, supported by Brunck, interprets the passage in this manner: O Venus, hereafter neither in the city during the Adonia, i. e. when the feasts of Adonis are celebrated, nor on the mountains may'st thou ever more kiss thy sweet love (Adonis), but may'st thou sleep alone through the night; for the love of a herdsman will not become thee, seeing that Eunica proudly contemns it.

SAPPHO.

ODE TO VENUS[o].

O IMMORTAL Venus, possessing various thrones, artful daughter of Jove, afflict not my soul, I beseech thee, O goddess, with wrongs, nor with anguish.

But hither come, if ever thou didst listen kindly to my strains, which oft thou hast well heard, and come, leaving thy father's golden dome.

Having yoked them to the car, thy swift sparrows drew thee all beautiful from heaven, oft wheeling [p] round on their black wings through the midst of ether.

Instantly they came away [q]. But thou, O blessed, smiling with a divine countenance, didst inquire what was my suffering, and wherefore I summoned thee here.

[o] To note all the different readings of this ode which has been preserved to us by *Dionysius* of Halicarnassus, in his excellent work *De Structura Orationis*, as an example, taken from one who was, in his opinion, the most excellent of the Lyric Poets, would be more to load it with vain comments than to embellish it with useful elucidation; and consequently less to fix than to distract the judgment of the reader. The sense does not appear to be benefitted by them.

[p] —— Then towards the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' Ecliptic sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many *an airy wheel.*
MILTON, B. III.

[q] " There is something very pretty in this circumstance," says Madame Dacier, " wherein Venus is described as sending away

Σ Α Π Φ Ω.

ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΘΡΟΝ' *αθανατ'* Αφροδιτα,
Παι Διος δολοπλοκε, λισσομαι σε,
Μη μ' αταισι μηδ' ανιαισι δαμνα,
Ποτνια, θυμον.
Αλλα τυιδ' ελθ', αιποτε κατ' ερωτα
Τᾶς εμᾶς αυδᾶς αϊοις, ἀ πολλυ
Εκλυες, πατρος δε δομον λιποισα
Χρυσεον ηλθες,
Αρμ' ὑποζευξασα, καλαν δε σ' αγον
Ωκεες στρθθοι, πτερυγας μελαινας
Πυκνα δινεοντες απ' ωραν' αιθε-
ρος δια μεσσω.
Αιψα δ' εξικοντο. Τυ δ', ω μακαιρα,
Μειδιασασ' αθανατῳ προσωπῳ,
Ηρε' ὁττι δ' ην το πεπονθα, κ' ὁττι
Δευρο καλημμι·

her chariot, upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make." I am apt, however, to think that this beauty only existed in the imagination of the commentator, for εξικοντο may be translated *pervenerunt*, and it is very probable from what precedes, that Sappho meant to say, " They instantly arrived."

And what in my raving mind I most desired; whom again I would conquer? and whose loves ensnare? Who wrongs thee, Sappho?

For if he flies, soon he shall pursue; though he does not take thy gifts, yet shall he give; if he loves not, soon he shall love, and do whatever thou art willing.

Now, O come to me, and free me from vexatious cares. Order it so, that whatever my soul desires may be fulfilled to me, and be thou thyself my ally in the wars of love.

Κ' ὁτῖ' εμῳ μαλιστα θελω γενεσθαι
Μαινολᾳ θυμῳ, τινα δ' αυτε πειθω,
Και σαγηνευσαν φιλοτητα· τις σ', ω
Σαπφοι, αδικει;
Και γαρ αι φευγει, ταχεως διωξει·
Αι δε δωρα μη δεχετ', αλλα δωσει·
Αι δε μη φιλει, ταχεως φιλησει,
Κ' ὁτῖι εθελλοις.
Ελθε μοι και νυν, χαλεπᾶν δε λυσον
Εκ μεριμνᾶν. Ὁσσα δε μοι τελεσσαι
Θυμος ἱμερρει, τελεσον, Ἰυ δ' αυτα
Συμμαχος εσσο.

MOSCHUS.

CUPID, A FUGITIVE.

Venus called her son, Cupid, with a loud voice, saying, If any one sees love wandering in the public ways, he is my fugitive: the discoverer shall have a gift. Thy reward shall be a kiss from Venus: but if thou bring'st him, not a mere kiss, but thou, O friend, shalt have something more.

Remarkable is the boy; amongst full twenty thou may'st know him. His body, indeed, is not white, but like fire: his eyes are somewhat fierce and flaming. The disposition of his nature is evil, sweet his talk; for what he says he does not think. His voice is as honey; but when he is angry, his mind is savage, deceitful, saying nothing truly: treacherous boy, cruelly he sports. His head is beautifully covered with hair, but his face is saucy and froward.

ΜΟΣΧΟΣ.

Ἁ ΚΥΠΡΙΣ τον Ερωτα τον υἱεα μακρον εβωστρει,
Ει τις ενι τριοδοισι πλανωμενον ειδεν Ερωτα,
Δραπετιδας εμος εστιν· ὁ μανυτας γερας ἐξει.
Μισθος τοι, το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος· ην δ' αγαγῃς νιν,
Ου γυμνον το φιλαμα, τι δ', ω ξενε, και πλεον ἐξεις.
Εστι δ' ὁ παις ϖερισαμος· εν εικοσι πασι μαθοις νιν.
Χρωτα μεν ϐ λευκος, πυρι δ' εικελος· ομματα δ' αυτϐ
Δριμυλα και φλογοεντα. Κακαι φρενες, ἀδυ λαλημα·
Ου γαρ ισον νοεει και φθεγγεται· ὡς μελι, φωνα·
Ην δε χολᾳ νοος εστιν αναμερος, ηϖεροπευτας,
Ουδεν αλαθευων· δολιον βρεφος, αγρια παισδει.
Ευπλοκαμον το καρανον, εχει δ' ιταμον το προσωπον.

His hands indeed are very little, but he throws far. He darts as far as Acheron, and the King of Hell. His body is naked, but his mind is covered; and winged like a bird he flies about from one to another, men or women, and rests upon their hearts. He has a very small bow, but on the bow is an arrow. His arrow is very little, but it carries as far as heaven. Round his shoulders is a golden quiver, and within it are bitter reeds, with which he often wounds even me! All his possessions indeed are cruel, all! but much the most his little torch, with which he inflames the sun itself. If thou shouldest catch him, bring him bound, and do not pity him. And if perchance thou seest him weeping, beware lest he deceive thee; and though he should laugh, draw him along: and if he should be inclined to kiss thee, avoid him; his kiss is dangerous, his lips are poison.

Μικκυλα μεν τηνω τα χερυδρια, μακρα δε βαλλει·
Βαλλει κ' εις Αχεροντα και εις αϊδεω βασιληα.
Γυμνος μεν τογε σωμα, νοος δε οἱ εμπεπυκασται·
Και πτεροεις ὁσον ορνις εφιπ]αται αλλοτ' επ' αλλȣς
Ανερας ηδε γυναικας, επι σπλαγχνοις δε καθηται.
Τοξον εχει μαλα βαιον, ὑπερ τοξω δε βελεμνον·
Τυτθον ἑοι το βελεμνον, ες αιθερα δ' αχρι φορειται·
Και χρυσεον ϖερι νωτα φαρετριον, ενδοθι δ' εντι
Τοι πικροι καλαμοι, τοις πολλακι καμε τιτρωσκει.
Παντα μεν αγρια, παντα· πολυ πλειον δε οἱ αυτῳ
Βαια λαμπας εοισα, τον ἁλιον αυτον αναιθει.
Ην τυ γ' ἑλῃς τηνον, δασας αγε, μηδ' ελεησῃς.
Κην ϖοτ' ιδῃς κλαιοντα, φυλασσεο μη σε πλανησῃ·
Κην γελαᾳ, τυ νιν ἑλκε· και ην εθελῃ σε φιλασαι,
Φευγε· κακον το φιλαμα, τα χειλεα φαρμακον εντι.

But if he should say, take these, I make thee a present of what arms I have, do not touch them: the gifts are full of deceit; they have all been dipped in fire [r].

[r] Spenser, Tasso, and innumerable poets have imitated this beautiful Idyl: and many have improved the idea; but none more happily than John Baptist Marino, in the following madrigal:

Udita hò, Citerea,
Che del tuo grembo fore
Fuggitivo il tuo figlio à te si cela,
E promesso hai baciar chi te 'l rivela.
Non languir, bella dea,
Se vai cercando amore,
No 'l cercar, dammi il bacio, io l'hò nel core.

I have heard, Cytherea, that thy son, a fugitive from thy bosom, conceals himself from thee, and that thou hast promised to kiss whoever shall discover him to thee. Languish not, beauteous goddess, if thou goest about seeking Love, nor seek him more: give me the kiss; in my heart I have him!

Ην δε λεγῃ, Λαβε ταυτα, χαριζομαι ὁσσα μοι ὁπλα,
Μητι θιγῃς· πλανα δωρα· τα γαρ πυρι παντα βεβαπται.

V. 29. (ridet) ——— *ferus* et CUPIDO
Semper, ardentes acuens *Sagittas*
Cote cruentâ.
HOR. Lib. II. Od. 8.

Cupid is *semper ferus*; but we sometimes wish, and we often fear, that his *sagittæ* may not be *semper ardentes*. The comma after *semper* is therefore necessary to prevent such a construction.

BION.

THE goddess Venus came to me whilst I was yet asleep, leading in her beauteous hand the infant Cupid, who, with affected modesty, fixed his eyes on the ground; and she said to me, "Dear herdsman, take Cupid, and teach him to sing to me."

Having said this, she went away, and I (fool that I was!) taught him (truly as if *he* wished to learn) all the bucolicks I could sing; and I informed him how Pan invented the crooked pipe, Minerva the flute, Mercury the shell or lyre [s], and sweet Apollo the harp. He however minded not what I said, but began himself to sing amorous ditties to me, and to instruct me in the loves of men and gods, and the actions of his mother. So that I forgot what I taught him, and learnt all those amorous things which he taught me.

[s] "The most ancient lyres were made of the shell of a tortoise; which, as an amphibious creature, may be called indifferently *piscis* or *fera*. Without taking this into consideration, it is not easy to understand several passages in the ancient poets. See Spence's Polymetis, p. 107. Statius I. 5. Hor. IV. 3, &c. The lyre of Polyphemus, as Lucian informs us in the dialogue between Doris and Galatea, was made of the scull of a stag. *Allan Ramsay* mentions a fiddle constructed from the *harn-pan of an umquhile meer*." The *lyre* is so elegant in its form, and promised so

BION.

Ἀ ΜΕΓΑΛΑ μοι Κυπρις εθ' ὑπνωοντι παρεστα,
Νηπιαχον τον Ερωτα καλας εκ χειρος αγοισα,
Ες χθονα νευσταζοντα· τοσον δε μοι εφρασε μυθον,
Μελπειν μοι φιλε βστα λαβων τον Ερωτα διδασκε.
Ὡς λεγε· χ' ἁ μεν απηλθεν· εγω ὁσα βωκολιασδον
Νηπιος, ὡς εθελοντα μαθειν τον Ερωτα διδασκον·
Ὡς εὑρε πλαγιαυλον ὁ Παν, ὡς αυλον Αθανα,
Ὡς χελυν Ἑρμαων, κιθαριν δ' ὡς ἀδυς Απολλων.
Ταυτα μιν εξεδιδασκον· ὁ δ' ϑκ εμπαζετο μυθων·
Αλλα μοι αυτος αειδεν ερωτυλα, και μ' εδιδασκε
Θνατων αθανατων τε πονους, και ματερος εργα.
Κ' ΗΓΩΝ εκλαθομαν μεν ὁσων τον Ερωτα διδασκον·
Ὁσσα δ' Ερως μ' εδιδασκεν ερωτυλα, παντ' εδιδαχθην.

well for tone of effect, (at least to prepossessed minds, and what mind, tinged with classic enthusiasm, could be without prepossession in its favour,) that the author of this note confesses with what earnestness he has endeavoured its revival. But without destroying the graceful simplicity of its form, and that lightness of its appearance, which charms us in gems or antient statues, it has hitherto been found impossible to give it much tone. And yet some of the best judgments, practical and theoretical, gave their assistance to the design.

MOSCHUS.

EPITAPH ON BION.

GROAN mournfully, ye woods and Doric waters; ye rivers, weep the amiable Bion! Droop now, ye plants, and sigh now, ye groves! Now, ye flowers, faint odours from your clusters breathe: Now, ye mourning roses, now, ye anemones, a darker purple take. Now, O hyacinth, speak thy letters, and more than ever inscribe on thy leaves, Alas! Alas[t]! The lovely songster is no more.

Begin your grief, muses of Sicily, begin. Ye nightingales that lament amid the thick leaves, tell the Sicilian streams of Arethusa that Bion the shepherd's dead, and that with him died the song, and perished the Dorian strain.

[t] "Hyacinthus was a boy loved by Apollo and Zephyrus. Apollo, as he was one day at play, slew him by accident with a coit, and from his blood produced a flower of the same name, the violet: writing upon its leaves αι, αι, that is, Alas! Alas! to testify his grief." See also Ovid. Met. lib. 10.

ΜΟΣΧΟΣ.

ΑΙΛΙΝΑ μοι στοναχειτε ναπαι, και Δωριον ὕδωρ,
Και ποταμοι κλαιοιτε τον ἱμεροεντα Βιωνα.
Νυν φυτα μοι μυρεσθε, και αλσεα νυν γοαοισθε·
Ανθεα νυν στυγνοισιν αποπνειοιτε κορυμβοις·
Νυν ροδα φοινισσεσθε τα πενθιμα, νυν ανεμωνα·
Νυν ὑακινθε λαλει τα σα γραμματα, και πλεον αι αι
Λαμβανε σοις πεταλοισι· καλος τεθνακε μελικτας.
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Αδονες αἱ πυκινοισιν οδυρομεναι ποτι φυλλοις,
Ναμασι τοις Σικελοις αγγειλατε τας Αρεθυσας,
Ὁτἰι Βιων τεθνακεν ὁ βωκολος, ὁτἰι συν αυτῳ,
Και το μελος τεθνακε, και ωλετο Δωριϛ αοιδα.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! Strymonian swans, mourn sorrowfully on the waters, and sing with lamenting notes a doleful melody. Say to the maidens of Œagria, say to all the nymphs of Bistonia, the Dorian Orpheus is dead!

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! He, so dear to the herds, no longer sings—no longer reclining beneath the solitary oaks, he pours the dulcet lay, but in Pluto's realms he sings a lethean song. The mountains are silent: and the cows, wandering near the bulls [x], deplore his loss and refuse to feed.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! Apollo himself, O Bion! bemoans thy sudden fate. The Satyrs and the offspring of Venus and Bacchus, black shagged, bewail. The Pans, sighing, call for thy song: the Nymphs of the fountains weep through the wood, and their tears become liquid streams.

[x] Perhaps αἱ πόλι ἴαυροις, means something more. But if it does, it would not be translatable with delicacy or grace.

Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Στρυμονιοι μυρεσθε παρ' ὑδασιν αιλινα κυκνοι,
Και γοεροις στοματεσσι μελισδετε πενθιμον ωδαν,
[Οἱαν ὑμετεροις ποτε χειλεσι γηρυν αειδεν.]
Ειπατε δ' αυ κεραις Οιαγρισιν, ειπατε ωασαις
Βιστονιαις νυμφαισιν, Απωλετο Δωριος Ορφευς.
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Κεινος ὁ ταις αγελαισιν ερασμιος ουκετι μελπει,
Ουκετ' ερημαιαισιν ὑπο δρυσιν ἡμενος ᾳδει·
Αλλα παρα Πλατηϊ μελος ληθαιον αειδει.
Ωρεα δ' εστιν αφωνα· και αἱ βοες αἱ ποτι ταυροις
Πλαζομεναι γοωντι, και ουκ εθελοντι νεμεσθαι.
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Σειο, Βιων, εκλαυσε ταχυν μορον αυτος Απολλων,
Και Σατυροι μυροντο, μελαγχλαινοι τε Πριηποι·
Και Πανες στοναχευντι το σον μελος· αἱ τε καθ' ὑλαν
Κρανιδες ωδυραντο, και ὑδατα δακρυα γεντο.

V. 16. Is deemed supposititious.

V. 24. γοωντι ————————

———————— It tristis Arator
Mærentem abjungens fraternâ morte *juvencum*.

See Theoc. Id. IV. v. 12. Virg. Ecl. V. v. 24. M. Aurel. Nemes. Ecl. II. v. 29. M. Hieron. Vida Ecl. I.

Among the prodigies which, according to *Suetonius*, denoted the death of *Divus Julius Cæsar* was, that of the horses to whom he had given liberty on passing the Rubicon, who, a few days previous to his murder, stubbornly *abstained from their food, and wept abundantly*. See a beautiful picture in Homer Il. B. XVII. v. 436—40. Where the horses of Achilles mourn for the warrior, as the cows of Bion here for the herdsman.

Echo mourns upon the rocks (because thou art in silence), and no longer imitates thy lips. On account of thy death the trees have cast their fruit, and the flowers are all withered. The excellent milk floweth not from the ewes, the bee-hives yield no honey. The bee pining perished in the honeycomb: for thy honey being no more, there is no need of other.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! Not so mourned the dolphin on the shores of the sea, nor ever so sung the nightingale on the rocks, nor so wailed the swallow through the high mountains, nor was Ceyx so weighed down with the sorrows of Halcyone;

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! Not so sung Cerylus to the azure waves, nor in the eastern valleys did the *birds* of Memnon flying round the sepulchre, so deplore the son of Aurora, as they bewailed the loss of Bion!

V. 32. Perhaps Καρπον δενδρεα ριψε, for it appears at least doubtful whether the augmentative ε before verbs which have their first in ρ, admits of being made short.

V. 34. We cannot construe this line as relating to the *Bee*, unless we suppose some verse, or verses lost, that should have preceded it. The following are hazarded to supply the loss.

Παρ τε Βιωνι θανόντι, παλαιδε παρ οἱ ψιθυρισδευν,
Ανδε' αιναμενον, λειμωνα τε, τοις πριν ετερφθη,
Μισοφιλες γενος αυτο μελισσαων εριφανων
Κατθανεν εν κηρῳ λυπευμενον.

Αχω δ' εν πετρησιν οδυρεται, ὁτι σιωπᾳ,
Κ'ουκετι μιμειται τα σα χειλεα· σῳ δ' επ' ολεθρῳ
Δενδρεα καρπον εριψε, τα δ' ανθεα παντ' εμαρανθη·
Μαλων ουκ ερρευσε καλον γλαγος, ουδ μελι σιμβλων·
Κατθανεν εν κηρῳ λυπευμενον· ουκετι γαρ δει
Τω μελιτος τω σω τεθνακοτος αλλο τρυγασθαι.
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Ου τοσον ειναλιαισι παρ' ηοσι μυρατο δελφιν,
Ουδε τοσον ποκ' αεισεν ενι σκοπελοισιν αηδων,
Ουδε τοσον θρηνησεν αν' ωρεα μακρα χελιδων,
Αλκυονος δ' ὁ τοσσον επ' αλγεσιν ισχετο Κηϋξ,
(Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.)
Ουδε τοσον γλαυκοις ενι κυμασι Κηρυλος ᾀδεν,
Ου τοσον ηωσιν εν αγκεσι παιδα τον Αος
Ἱπταμενος περι σαμα κινυρατο Μεμνονος ορνις,
Ὁσσον αποφθιμενοιο κατωδυραντο Βιωνος.

V. 40. To reconcile this verse to the received fable, requires that by *Ceyx* we understand his *shade* or *apparition*. See Ovid, Lib. XI. Fab. X.

V. 41. The recurrent verse breaks a sentence in a similar manner, in that exquisite Elegy, the *Pharmaceutria*, of Theocritus, v. 105. This, and an Elegy of Mrs. Charlotte Smith *, seem among the finest instances of tender and enthusiastic passion—of that

——— *ingens*
Imo in corde pudor, mistoque insania luctu
Et furiis agitatus Amor, et conscia Virtus.

* Middleton Church Yard.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! The nightingales and all the swallows, which he formerly delighted and taught to speak, perched opposite each other on the boughs, lamented, and other birds replied! O ye doves, ye also are afflicted with sorrow.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! Who shall now play on thy flagelet, O most desired? Who shall put his mouth to thy reeds? Who so daring? For still they savour of thy lips and thy breath, and Echo among the sedges feeds on thy songs. I will carry thy pipe to Pan, and haply he will fear to put his mouth to it, lest he be deemed but second to thee.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! Galatea weeps thy song, whom, sitting by thee on the shores of the sea, thou formerly delightedst. For thou didst not sing like the Cyclops—from him indeed the beautiful Galatea fled—but she gazed sweetly on thee from the salt water: and now forgetful of the sea, she sits on the desert sands, and still feeds thy herds.

V. 49. ὑπεφώνευν is, I think, *succinebant*, a term of the choral music of the antients. I would propose, "and the birds," meaning, I believe, the *swans* (ορνιθες κατ' εξοχην, in the amatorial dirge); "and the birds chaunted this mournful burthen to the lay—Lament, ye Doves; lament also, ye." The doves are thus call'd, as I understand, by the swans, to lead the strain of sorrow: they as principal by land as the others by water. Burthen, by the way, I believe, is no other than *bourdon*.

Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Αδονιδες, πασαι τε χελιδονες, ἁς ποκ' ετερπεν,
Ἁς λαλεειν εδιδασκε, καθεζομεναι δ' επι ωρεμνοις
Αντιον αλληλαισιν εκωκυον, αἱ δ' ὑπεφωνευν
Ορνιθες—Λυπεισθε πελειαδες αλλα και ὑμεις.
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Τις ποτε σᾳ συριγξι μελισδεται, ω τριποδατε;
Τις δ' επι σοις καλαμοις θασει στομα; τις θρασυς ἑτως;
Εισετι γαρ πνειει τα σα χειλεα και το σον ασθμα.
Αχω δ' εν δονακεσσι τεας επιδοσκετ' αοιδας.
Πανι φερω το μελισμα· ταχ' αν κ'ακεινος ερεισαι
Το στομα δειμαινοι, μη δευτερα σειο φερηται.
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Κλαιει και Γαλατεια το σον μελος, ἀν ποκ' ετερπες
Ἑζομεναν ωερι σειο παρ' ηϊονεσσι θαλασσης.
Ου γαρ ισον Κυκλωπι μελισδεο· τον μεν εφευγεν
Ἁ καλα Γαλατεια, σε δ' ἀδυ απεδλεπεν ἁλμας·
Και νυν λασαμενη τῳ κυματος, εν ψαμαθοισιν
Ἑζετ' ερημαιαισι, βοας δ' ετι σειο νομευει.

V. 51. αρχειν γου, seems to be technical. Τησιν δ' Ανδρομαχη λευκωλενος ηρχε γοοιο. ΙΛ. Ω. *Begin the dirge, Muses of Sicily, begin*— is, probably, the nearest version.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! With thee, O shepherd, died all the gifts of the muses, the lovely kisses of virgins, and the lips of youth: and the Loves cry sadly round thy tomb. Venus loves thee much more than the kiss, with which she lately kissed the dying Adonis.

This, O most melodious of rivers, is a second sorrow for thee! This, O Meles[u], is a new sorrow. Heretofore Homer died, that sweet mouth of Calliope: and they say that thou didst mourn thy beauteous son with torrents of tears, and filled the whole ocean with thy voice: Now again thou weepest another son, and wastest away with sad grief. Both were beloved by the fountains: one drank from the fountain of Pegasus, and the other held the cup of Arethusa. That sung the beautiful daughter of Tyndarus, the mighty son of Thetis, and Atrides Menelaus. But this sung not wars nor tears, but Pan: and he sung of herdsmen with a sweet shrillness, and singing fed his flock, made flagelets, and milked the sweet heifer. He taught the kisses of youth, and nourished Love in his breast; and he was loved by Venus.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin!

[u] A river from which Homer obtained the surname of Melesigenes.

Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Παντα τοι, ω βατα, ξυγκατθανε δωρα τα Μοισᾶν·
Παρθενικᾶν εροεντα φιλαματα, χειλεα παιδων·
Και στυγνον ϖερι σαμα τεον κλαιϑσιν Ερωτες.
Ἁ Κυπρις φιλεει σε πολυ πλεον η το φιλαμα,
Το ϖρωαν τον Αδωνιν αποθνασκοντα φιλασε.
Τϑτο τοι, ω ποταμων λιγυρωτατε, δευτερον αλγος·
Τϑτο, Μελη, νεον αλγος· απωλετο ϖραν τοι Ὅμηρος,
Τηνο το Καλλιοπας γλυκερον στομα· και σε λεγοντι
Μυρεσθαι καλον ὑια πολυκλαυστοισι ρεεθροις,
Πασαν δ' επλησας φωνᾶς ἀλα· νυν παλιν αλλον
Ὑιεα δακρυεις, αινῳ δ' επι πενθεῖ τακη.
Αμφοτεροι παγαις πεφιλαμενοι· ὁς μεν επινε
Παγασιδος κρανᾶς, ὁ δ' εχεν ϖομα τᾶς Αρεθϑσᾶς.
Χὠ μεν Τυνδαρεοιο καλαν αεισε ϑυγατρα,
Χαι Θετιδος μεγαν ὑια, και Ατρειδαν Μενελαον·
Κεινος δ' ϖολεμϑς, ϖ δακρυα, Πανα δ' εμελπε,
Καὶ βωτας ελιγαινε, και αειδων ενομευε,
Και συριγγας ετευχε, και ἀδεα ϖορτιν αμελγε,
Και παιδων εδιδασκε φιλαματα, και τον Ερωτα
Ετρεφεν εν κολποισι, και ηρεσε την Αφροδιτην.
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.

O Bion, all famous cities, all towns grieve for thee. Ascra weeps for thee much more than for Hesiod; Bœotian Hylæ longs not so much for Pindar, nor does strong Lesbos so mourn for Alcæus, nor does the Ceian town so wail its poet[y]. Parus desires thee more than Archilochus; and Mitylene, instead of Sappho's, still laments with doleful tone thy song. [Each herdsman, on whom the muses have bestowed a melodious voice, bemoans thy dying fate. Asclepiades, the Samian glory, mourns, and amongst the Cydonians, Lycidas, who hereto mirthful, with laughing eye, was seen, now weeping pours forth his tears; and amongst the citizens of Triopis, Philetas near the river Alens, warbles his elegiac strains in plaintive note[z].]

y Simonides.

z These six verses are thought by some to have been supplied by Marcus Musurus to fill up a deficiency in the original. Scaliger, and others, believe them to be genuine. They are certainly not unworthy of Moschus.

Πασα, Βιων, θρηνει σε κλυτη πολις, αστεα παντα·
Ασκρη μεν γοαει σε πολυ πλεον Ἡσιοδοιο·
Πινδαρον ϐ ποθεοντι τοσον Βοιωτιδες Ὑλαι·
Ου τοσον Αλκαιῳ περι μυρατο Λεσϐος ερυμνα·
Ου δε τοσον τον αοιδον εμυρατο Κηϊον αστυ.
Σε πλεον Αρχιλοχοιο ποθει Παρος· αντι δε Σαπφες
Εισετι σευ το μελισμα κινυρεται ἁ Μιτυλανα.
[Παντες δσοις καπυρον τελεθει στομα ϐωκολιασται
Εκ Μοισων, σεο ποτμον ανακλαιϐσι θανοντος.
Κλαιει Σικελιδας το Σαμιϐ κλεος, εν δε Κυδωσιν,
Ὁ πριν μειδιοωντι συν ομματι φαιδρος ιδεσθαι,
Δακρυα νυν Λυκιδας κλαιων ρεει· εν τε πολιταις
Τριοπιδαις ποταμῳ θρηνει παρ' Αλεντι Φιλητας,]

V. 93. ανακλαιϐσι means probably that the herdsmen joined together in one common strain of sorrow. See note to v. 49.

And amongst the Syracusans, Theocritus; but I, no alien to the Bucolic melody, which thou didst teach thy scholars, honouring us the heirs of the Doric Muse, I sing the song of Ausonian sorrow. To others, indeed, thou hast left thy wealth, but to me thy song.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! Alas! Alas! When mallows or green parsley, or the curled flourishing anise die in the garden, hereafter they revive, and in another year are born: but we who are great, and strong, or wise men, we, without hearing sleep in the concave earth, a very long, an infinite sleep, from which never we can be roused[a]. And thou, indeed, wilt be in silence hidden in the earth. But it pleased the nymphs that the frog [b] should sing for ever. Still I cannot envy him, for he does not sing a beautiful song.

[a] Whence is it that the flower of field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in winter's bale?
Yet soon as spring his mantle doth display,
It floweth fresh, as it should never fail.
But thing of earth that is of most avail,
As virtues branch, and beauties bud,
Reliven not for any good. SPENSER.

[b] By the frog is signified the multitude of wretched poetasters that are incessantly croaking from all quarters.

Εν δε Συρακοσιοισι Θεοκριτος· αυταρ εγω τοι
Αυσονικᾶς οδυνᾶς μελπω μελος, ϑ ξενος ᾠδᾶς
Βωκόλικᾶς, αλλ' ἠντ' εδιδαξαο σειο μαθητας,
Κλαρονομως μωσᾶς τᾶς Δωριδος αμμε γεραιρων.
Αλλοις μεν τεον ολβον, εμοι δ' απελειψας αοιδαν.
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Αι αι ται μαλαχαι μεν επαν κατα καπον ολωνται,
Η τα χλωρα σελινα, το τ' ευθαλες ϑλον ανηθον,
Ὑϑλερον αυ ζωοντι, και εις ετος αλλο φυοντι·
Αμμες δ' οἱ μεγαλοι, και καρτεροι, η σοφοι ανδρες,
Ὁπποτε ωρωτα ϑανωμες, ανακοοι εν χϑονι κοιλᾳ
Εὑδομες ευ μαλα μακρον ατερμονα νηγρετον ὑπνον.
Και συ μεν εν σιγᾳ πεπυκασμενος εσσεαι εν γᾳ·
Ταις νυμφαισι δ' εδοξεν αει τον βατραχον ᾳδειν·
Τῳ δ' εγω ϑ φϑονεοιμι· το γαρ μελος ϑ καλον ᾳδει.

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! Poison, O Bion, came to thy mouth; thou hast been acquainted with poison. How did it approach thy lips, and not become sweet? What mortal could be so pitiless, as not to be influenced by thy song, but, after hearing it, to mix the poison for thee, or order it to be given?

Begin your grief, Muses of Sicily, begin! But justice overtakes all; I, weeping on this mournful occasion, deplore thy fate. And if I were able, like Orpheus who descended to Tartarus; or formerly Ulysses, or before him Alcides; perhaps I should come to the house of Pluto, that I might know whether thou dost sing to Pluto, and I should hear what thou sing'st. But, warble to Hecate some Sicilian strain, and chaunt some sweet Bucolic? for she sported when young on the Sicilian and Ætnean shores, and sang a Dorian song. The melody will not be without honour;

Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Φαρμακον ηλθε, Βιων, ϖοτι σον στομα, φαρμακον ειδες.
Πως τευ τοις χειλεσσι ποτεδραμε, κ᾽ϐκ εγλυκανθη;
Τις δε βροτος τοσσϐτον αναμερος, η κεραων τοι,
Η δϐναι καλεων τοι φαρμακον, εκφυγεν ϣδαν;
Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μοισαι.
Αλλα δικα κιχε παντας· εγω δ᾽ επι πενθεϊ τϣδε
Δακρυχεων τεον οιτον οδυρομαι. ει δυναμην δε,
῾Ως Ορφευς καταϐας ποτι ταρταρον, ὡς ϖοκ᾽ Οδυσσευς,
῾Ως παρος Αλκειδας· κ᾽ηγω ταχ᾽ αν ες δομον ηλθον
Πλϐτεος, ὡς κεν ιδοιμι και ει Πλϐτῆϊ μελισδεις,
῾Ως αν ακϐσαιμην τι μελισδεαι· αλλ᾽ επι κωρᾳ
Σικελικον τι λιγαινε, και ἁδυ τι βωκολιασδευ·
Κ᾽ακεινη Σικελαις και Αιτναιαισιν επαιξεν
Αιοσι, και μελος ῃδε το Δωριον. ϐκ αγεραστος

and as she before gave Orpheus, playing sweetly on his harp, Eurydice to be carried back, so will she, O Bion, return thee to the mountains. Truly, if I were able to play on the pipe, I myself would sing to Pluto to redeem thee.

Before we take our leave of *Bion* and *Moschus*, we shall insert a note from a French commentator, which applies to the third verse of *Bion's Epitaph on Adonis*. CICERON fait mention de quatre VENUS differentes. La premiere, dit-il, étoit fille du Ciel et du Jour: La Seconde nâquit de l'écume de la mer, ayant été conçûë, dans une Nacre de perle, et portée en l'Isle de Chypre par les Zephirs. Ce fut elle qui eut Cupidon de Mercure. La troisiéme étoit fille de Jupiter et de Dione, qui fut mariée à Vulcain. *Et la quatriéme est la Syrienne, autrement dite* ASTARTE, *qui épousa* ADONIS. *Je crois que cette derniere etoit la Deesse des Sidoniens, à qui l'Ecriture dit que* SALOMON *dressa des Autels, pour plaire à ses Concubines.* De toutes ces Venus les Poëtes ne parlent que de la seconde, & lui attribuent toutes les actions des autres.

Εσσειθ' ἁ μολπα· χ' ὡς Ορφεϊ ϖροσθεν εδωκεν
Ἀδεα φορμιζοντι παλισσυτον Ευρυδικειαν,
Και σε, Βιων, πεμψει τοις ωρεσιν· ει δε τι κ'ηγων
Συρισδεν δυναμην, ϖαρα Πλωτεϊ κ'αυτος αειδον.

COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS.

SHAKESPERE.

THERE is a passage in SHAKESPERE that has great resemblance to one in PLATO. It is so exquisitely beautiful, that it will be an abundant recompense for transcribing it farther than the point of analogy requires. It has indeed in perfection the sweetness, richness, refined allegory, and divine enthusiasm, of the poetic philosopher.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep on our ears—soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: *look, how the floor of heaven*
Is thick enlay'd with pattens of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring *to the young-ey'd* cherubin.
Such harmony is in immortal *souls!*
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

MERCH. of VEN. ACT V. SC. I.

The reading, *close us in,* here conjecturally given, seems most probable. *Beholdest* is smoother, and is more like the style of those times, than *behold'st* with an elision.

The correspondent passage of PLATO, is in his *tenth* Book *De Republica*; where he terminates with the *harmony* of the *Spheres,* and represents a SYREN sitting on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided through the heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmony, the *Fates* themselves chaunting to this celestial music.

Επιδε των κυκλων αυτε αγωθεν εφ' εκαστε θεθηκεναι ΣΕΙΡΗΝΑ συμπεριφερομενην, φωνην μιαν ιεισαν αναλογον· εκ ΠΑΣΩΝ δε ΟΚΤΩ εσων ΜΙΑΝ ΑΡΜΟΝΙΑΝ ΞΥΜΦΩΝΕΙΝ. PLAT. Πολιτ. I. Vol. II. 346. MASSEYS, Cantabr. 1713.

It may be that our poet, who never appears to have lost his early imbibed (though, perhaps, not far pursued) taste for *Latin* poetry, and who could say at sixteen in his *Epigraphe* to his *Venus* and *Adonis,*

> Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
> Pocula Castaliæ plena ministret aquæ;

had this from the elegant and melodious *Politian*,

> Stellantesque globos sua quæque innoxia *Siren*
> Possidet, ambrosio mulcens pia numina cantu.
>
> POLIT. in NUTRICE.

That poets should be particularly fond of MUSIC seems to be nearly as much to be expected, as that they should be admirers of BEAUTY; *elegantes formarum spectatores*. Of none, perhaps, this has been so strikingly true, as of SHAKESPERE and MILTON.

SHAKESPERE abounds in songs exquisitely adapted to music; and he abounds, like PLATO, with allusions from it to CIVIL POLITY and the MORAL HARMONY of life.

Thus in TROILUS and CRESSIDA:

> *Take but degree away, untune that string,*
> *And hark, what discord follows: each thing meets*
> *In meer oppugnancy.*

And in another place:

> —— *the thing of courage,*
> *As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;*
> *And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,*
> *Returns to chiding fortune.*

The style of *Troilus* and *Cressida* is quite singular. More declamatory, it is true, than dramatic: but full, musical, sonorous; of a platonic dignity; abounding in

high and weighty aphorisms, in the more elevated metaphysics of poetry, and often in a turn and manner classically antique.

SHAKESPERE, like most men of fervid imagination and strong feeling (and pre-eminent he was in both), varies his style so much, that scarcely any two of his plays perhaps can be found, which are not characteristically different in this respect. But generally there runs through the same play a certain colour of style, a certain harmonized tone of manner, not perhaps so much the effect of design, as of the tincture imbibed from his then latest studies, or of the key given to his composition by the actual state of his sentiments and feeling, which modulated the rapid energies of his diction and numbers accordingly[c].

[c] It may not here be amiss to observe, that HORACE seems to have imitated CICERO in a musical allusion.

Compare,

Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis
Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ: Ep. II. 2. 143.

with,

Ut in *fidibus*, aut in tibiis, quamvis paulum discrepent, tamen id à sciente animadverti solet: sic videndum est in vita, ne forte quid discrepet; vel multo etiam magis; quo major et melior actionum, quam sonorum est concentus. * *De Officiis* I. T. iv. 491. Ed. Lambini 1588.

——— *Give me to drink* MANDRAGORA,
That I may sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

This word occurs three times in Shakespere, always with the right quantity and accent. The soporific qualities aſcribed to this plant, the mandrake, *μανδραγορας*, furnish an allusion both to PLATO and DEMOSTHENES. The latter reproaches his countrymen almost in the terms of Shakespere, that they were plunged in such apathy, as if they *had drank Mandragoras*, " or some sleepy drug that takes the senses prisoner," " *εοικατε τοις μανδραγοραν πεπωκοσι.*" " *My Antony is away*," seems to have given the hint of the English words to a Canzonette, beautifully set by HAYDN, which has a similar close.

There appears to be some similarity between *Homer's* monster *Polyphemus*, and *Shakespere's* monster *Caliban.*

TEMPEST.

SCENE II. ACT II.

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood.*

ODYSSEY.

Book IX.

POLYPHEMUS *enters bearing a great burden of dried wood.*

—— φερε δ' οβριμον αχθος
Υλης αζαλεης ———

The former is joined by *Trinculo* and *Stephano*; the latter by *Ulysses* and his companions.

Ulysses gives *Polyphemus* some wine.

—— ὁ δ' εδεκτο και εκπιεν· ἡσατο δ' αινως
Ἡδυ ποτον πινων· και μ' ητεε δευτερον αυτις,
Δος μοι ετι προφρων ———
——— τοδ' αμβροσιης και νεκταρος εστιν απορρωξ.

—— He took and drank, and hugely pleas'd
With that delicious bev'rage, thus inquired,
Give me again, and spare not. ———

—— Oh this is from above — a stream
Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine.

COWPER's Trans. v. 510, &c.

Stephano gives *Caliban* some wine, who, having drank twice, and being pleased with it, says,

" *That's a brave god, and bears* celestial liquor."

And again:

CAL. *The liquor is not* earthly [d].

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT V.

Mrs. FORD. *Mistress Page is come with me, sweet heart.*

FALSTAFF. *Divide me like a bribe—buck—* [e].

[d] It may be said, by the way, that this book of the Odyssey, from which we have just had occasion to quote, is liable to many objections. Ulysses having told Polyphemus that his name is ουτις, (a proper name perhaps, but signifying NOBODY), the monster, on his eye being burnt out, informs his brethren, who are alarmed by his cries, that *Nobody kills him with pain*, which induces them to leave him without assistance. This is unworthy of Homer: and it is not with his usual adherence to nature that he permits Polyphemus to make the kind speech he does to his ram, at the time he must have been suffering under the smart of an eye bored out with a red hot spike; or that, being sightless, he should allow him to throw a *mountain-top*, and *a stone far more enormous*, with so good an aim as to be each

"——— nigh sweeping in its fall
The rudder's head"

of Ulysses' ship.

[e] FALSTAFF afterwards says, dividing himself like a buck, "*I will keep—my shoulders for the fellow of this walk.*" On which passage

EPIGRAM.

INCERT. AUCT. BRUNCK. ANALECT. III. p. 153.

Within my heart two rival flames prevail,
And double tempests on my bosom hail.
This side to fair *Chryseis* I incline;
On that *Melania's* sparkling eyes catch mine.
Take me, ye Charmers, in just balance shar'd;
Take each your side—I'm for my lot prepar'd[f].

MACBETH.

ACT V.

MACBETH. *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.*

MACEDON.

ANALECT. III. 111.

To a Lady who gave hopes of to-morrow.

"TO-MORROW."—This *to-morrow* ne'er is seen,
Habitual plea of dilatory spleen.
To me, be kind to-day:—nor others give
What I, *to-morrow's fool,* shall ne'er receive.
"This evening."—What's a woman's evening? Years!
Evening that comes too late when beauty disappears.

Dr. JOHNSON observes, "Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his shoulders for him, I do not understand." The *shoulders* we know are part of the *keeper's* perquisite almost every where. Now "the fellow of this walk" is *Herne* the hunter, "*sometime a keeper in Windsor Forest,*" as the POET, by *Mrs. Page*, informs us. HERNE'S OAK, a very venerable and picturesque tree, both by the size, age,

Δισσοι με τρυχθσι καταιγιζοντες ερωτες
Ευμάχε, και δισσαις ενδεδεμαι μανιαις.
Ἡ μεν επ' Ασανδρϐ κλινω δεμας, ἠδε παλιν μοι
Οφθαλμος νευει Τηλεφϐ οξυτερος.
ΤΜΗΞΑΤ', εμοι τϐτ' ἠδυ, και ες πλαστιγγα δικαιην
Νειμαμενοι, κληρῳ ταμα φερεσθε ΜΕΛΗ.

(a) Αυριὸν αθρησω σε. (b) Τοδ' ϐποτε γινεται ἡμιν·
ηθαδος αμϐολιης αιεν αεξομενης.
Ταυτα μοι ἰμειροντι χαριζεαι· αλλαδ' ες αλλϐς
δωρα φερεις, εμεθεν πιστιν απειπαμενη.
(a) Οψομαι ἐσπεριη σε. (b) Τιδ' ἐσπερος εστι γυναικων;
γηρας, αμετρητῳ πληθομενον ρυτιδι.

shape, and scite, was standing within these few years on the brow of a steep and rude declivity, leading from the upper to the lower little park. It has been the subject of some beautiful verses.

[f] The Translator has taken the liberty in the second Distich of this Epigram, which Gresset has taken in his second Eclogue, Iris, charmingly imitated from the Alexis of Virgil.

The Scene in *Hamlet* between the *Prince* and *Horatio*, at Ophelia's grave, is very like one of Lucian's in the shades between *Menippus* and *Mercury*; to which the reader is referred.

MENIP. But shew me *Helen* (so famed for her beauty), for I cannot distinguish her.

MERCURY. See you this bare skull—this is *Helen*.

HAMLET, *holding Yorick's skull in his hand.*

Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come!

FROM AGATHIAS.

ANALECTA BRUNCKII III. p. 63.

Slowly to EPHYRE while I proceed,
I see neglected, by the public way,
The ancient tomb of LAIS: for thus say
The characters whose faint remains I read—
I weep ——— Ah, once too beautiful and gay,
Too lovely! though to me 'twas not decreed
To see thee, till for ages thou hadst slept
In darkness and in dust! but had I seen
When emulous youth gaz'd thee as beauty's queen,
At this sad change how should I then have wept.
Delusive joy of earth! Ah fruitless tears ——
Ah, sighs! for charms which now oblivion faintly hears!

ΜΕ. Ὅμως την Ἑλενην μοι δειξον· ϑ γαρ αν διαγνοιην
εγωγε.

ΕΡ. Τουτι το κρανιον ἡ Ἑλενη εστιν.

Ἑρπων εις Εφυρην ταφον εδρακον αμφικελευθον
Λαϊδος αρχαιης ὡς το χαραγμα λεγει.
Δακρυδ' επισπεισας, Χαιροις Γυναι, εκ γαρ ακϑης
Οικτειρω σε, εφην ἡν παρος ϑκ ιδομην.
Ἂ, ποσον ηιϑεων νοον ηκαχες . . . αλλ' ιδε, ληϑην
Ναιεις, αγλαϊην εν χϑονι κατϑεμενη.

SAPPHO.

That man seems to me to be happy as the gods, who sits facing thee; and who, near thee, hears thy sweet discourse.

EPIGRAM IN ANTHOL.

Happy the man who sees thee, thrice happy he who hears thee, a demi-god who kisses thee, and a perfect god who has thee for his bedfellow.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CATH. *Happy the parents of so fair a child;*
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Old age is sans every thing.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

JAQUES. ——— *Last scene of all,*
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and meer oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Φαινεται μοι κεινος ισος θεοισιν
Εμμεν' ωνηρ, ὁστις εναντιον τοι
Ἱζανει, και πλασιον ἀδυ φωνε-
-σας ὑπακουει.

Ευδαιμων ὁ βλεπων σε, τρισολβιος ὁστις ακουει,
Ἡμιθεος δ' ὁ φιλων, αθανατος δ' ὁ συνων.

Γηρας ———————— πασιν ενδει.

MENANDER IN PLUTARCH.

Thou hast suffered no wrong, unless thou dost fancy so.

EPICTETUS.

ENCHIR. c. 31.

No one hurts thee unless thou art willing he should. For then only wilt thou be hurt, when thou dost think thyself hurt.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

B. 7. § 14.

Unless I myself think that which happens an evil, I am still unhurt.

OTHELLO.

SCENE XIV. ACT II.

IAGO. *You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.*

SCENE VIII. ACT III.

OTHELLO. *He that is robb'd* ———
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

EPICTETUS.

ENCHIR. cap. 79.

They can kill me, but they cannot hurt me.

Ουδεν πεπονθας δεινον, αν μη προσποιη.

Σε γαρ αλλος ε βλαψει, αν μη συ θελης. Τοτε δε εση βεβλαμμενος, ὁταν ὑπολαβης βλαπτεσθαι.

Εγω δε, εαν μη ὑπολαβω ὁτι κακον το συμβεβηκος, ουπω βεβλαμμαι.

Αποκτειναι μεν δυναντα, βλαψαι δ' ε.

HAMLET.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal?

ANNE to RICHARD.

Thou hads't but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have.

MACBETH [f].

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?

THE CHOEPHORÆ OF ÆSCHYLUS [g].

All the streams rushing from one mouth to wash away the blood of this hateful deed would wash in vain.

[f] See ANALECT. III. p. 199.

[g] Compare the characters of Orestes and Pylades with those of Hamlet and Horatio. Ægisthus and Clytemnestra also resemble Claudius the king and Gertrude the queen. Ægisthus was cousin to Agamemnon; the king was brother to Hamlet's father. Ægisthus and the king, with the connivance of Clytemnestra and the queen, murder the husbands of the latter, and obtain their thrones. They are both killed by the sons of the deceased, to which act they are alike excited by preternatural means; the one by an oracle, the other by his father's ghost. See the above play of Æschylus: there the spirit or manes of Agamemnon are disturbed as well as Hamlet's father's, both desirous of being revenged of their murderers. Æschylus and Shakespere use some expressions, on similar occasions, that are not unlike. The effect of horror in Hamlet is to make the "*hair to stand an end*;" in the other we

Πορoι τε παντες εκ μιας ὁδὸ
Βαινοντες τον χαιρομυση [h]
Φονον καθαιρουντες ισσαν ατην [i].

have φοβος, ορθοθριξ. Orestes at the tomb, seeing the procession advance, says to Pylades:

Πυλαδη, σταθωμεν εκποδων, ὡς αν σαφως
Μαθω γυναικων ἡτις ἡδε προστροπη.

So Hamlet, at the grave, to Horatio:

But soft! but soft, aside—here comes the king,
The queen and courtiers.
Couch me awhile, and mark.

Clytemnestra to her son:

Κτεινειν εοικας, ὡ τεκνον, την μητερα.

The queen to her son:

—— *Thou wilt not murder me?*

[h] Χειρομυση. Ed. prin. Turneb.

[i] De Pauw seems perfectly justified in reading this verse as

THEOCRITUS.

Id. XXVII. v. 64.

I came in here a maid, I shall return home a woman.

HAMLET.

OPHELIA. *Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,*
And dupt the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never returned more.

HOMER.

Il. VI. v. 429.

ANDRO. Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
Alas, my parents, brothers, kindred all,
Onee more will perish if my Hector fall.
POPE.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

JULIET. *Romeo is banished* ——— *to speak that word*
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead!

The one sets the samc valuc on Hector as the other does on Romeo.

---

an iambic, and the two last words, with a necessary correction, thus:

Φονον καθαιριονίες ελλεσαν μαίην. Except that it should be καθαριωνίες. SCALIGER and CANTERUS had seen that λεσαν and μαίην were wanting. And the antistrophe closing with an iambic, shews that an iambic was required here.

Παρθενος ενθα βεβηκα· γυνη δ'εις οικον αφερψω.

Εκτορ, αταρ συ μοι εσσι πατηρ και ποτνια μητηρ,
Ηδε κασιγνητος, συ δε μοι θαλερος παρακοιτης.

MACBETH AND CHOEPHORÆ ξ.

It will have blood—They say, blood will have blood.

HOMER.

Il. XXI. v. 495.

For Fate was not willing she (a dove) should be taken.

HAMLET.

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

SCRIPTURAL.

I must add the 29th verse of the 10th chapter of St. Matthew.

" And one of them (of two sparrows) shall not fall to the ground without (the will of) your father."

ST. PAUL'S EP. TO THE ROMANS.

Cap. ii. v. 1.

" Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest, doest the same things."

ξ This νομος is in holy writ.

Αλλα νομος μεν, φονιας σταγονας,
Χυμενας ες πεδον, αλλο προσαιτειν
Αἷμα.

——— ϖδ᾽ αρα τῃ γε ἁλωμεναι αισιμον ηεν.

Και ἐν εξ̃ αυτων ου πεσειται επι την γην ανευ τϖ πατρος ὑμων.

Διο αναπολογητος ει ω ανθρωπε πας ὁ κρινων· εν ᾧ γαρ κρινεις τον ἑτερον σεαυτον κατακρινεις· τα γαρ αυτα πρασσεις ὁ κρινων.

LEAR.

See how yond justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear. Change places, and handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?

"The wages of sin is death."

So, as it has been observed by ÆSCHYLUS,

The harvest of the field of wrong is death.

Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once.

SHAKESPERE.

Ημεις δε δηλοι πεπραμενοι υπο την ἁμαρτιαν.

Where the apostle, as a citizen of Rome, has used a figure adopted from the Roman jurisprudence.

Caput dominæ venale sub hasta.

——————— εν δε σιωπη
Εργον ὁπερ τελεει τις, ενι τριοδοισιν ακουει.

MUS. *Hero and Leander.*

It would not be expected to find, in an amatory poem, the term of expression which accompanies elsewhere a very solemn denunciation—*That what is said in the ear shall be preached on the house-top.* But thus it must happen in proverbial forms of speech.

Ατης αρβρα Θανατον εκκαρπιζεται.

V. Blackwell's Sac. Class.

Many instances have been, and many more might be, given to shew that Shakespere was habitually conversant in his BIBLE. That his acquaintance with it was not confined to English, but that he read it occasionally, at least, in French, the following quotation will shew:

Le chien est retourné a son propre vomissement et la trüye lavée au bourbier, H. V. which is the proverb exactly quoted from 2 Peter ii. 22, where it thus stands in the Geneva Bible 1588, word for word, as above cited, except in the latter member of the sentence, where it is *est retournée* à se veautrer au bourbier.

It has been observed that the passage was, probably, a Greek iambic proverb. Certainly it easily resolves itself into two iambics, thus:

Ιδιον εις εξεραμ' ανεστρεφεν Κυων.
'Υς δ' ἡ λουσαμεν' εις κυλισμα βορβορυ.

However the first part of it is in Proverbs.

It is somewhat observable, that this French is spelt quite accurately in the 2d folio; except that for truye they make levye.

A beast that wants *discourse of reason.*

HAMLET.

The poet had this phrase from Amyot's most interesting French version of Plutarch, where it is very strikingly frequent.

The arrangement of the words, "*By Providence divine*," might seem of the poet's own choice; (TEMP. Act I.) yet it was very probably suggested by a striking passage in the Brutus [h] of Plutarch, by the same Translator.

Indeed Plutarch's Lives may be suspected (and it is in part known) to have formed more extraordinary persons than any other book, the Scriptures excepted. And it was impossible that the style of Amyot, nervous, solemn, full of significant, and often uncommon words; yet in its general character simple, clear, affectingly impressive, and even musical, should fail of effect upon an ear, and feelings, and imagination, like those of Shakespere.

Whether the pinching and burning of Falstaff (M. W. of W.) be merely a fairy popular tale, or borrowed from the Alcoranic apologue, of the black spot

[h] Et si leur sembla d'avantage que l'assignation du lieu auquel se devoit tenir par expresse providence divine. PARIS 1559.

in the heart, or whether the turn and manner were not suggested by Spenser, may be open to conjecture.

When the *Red-cross* knight does penance for his error, he is given over to *Amendment*, whose office is thus described :

> And ever as superfluous flesh did rot,
> *Amendment* ready still at hand did wait
> To pluck it out with pincers firie hot,
> That soon in him was left not one corrupted jot.
>
> Book I. C. X. St. 26 [i].

[i] *Spenser* has elegantly turned, and with an appropriate grace as an insular poet, an allegorical close to the 2d Book of the *Georgics*.

> *Sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor ;*
> *Et jam tempus equûm fumantia solvere colla.*
>
> G. II. 540, 1.

> Now strike your sails, ye jolly mariners,
> For we be come unto a quiet rode,
> Where we must land some of our passengers,
> And light this weary vessel of her lode.
> Heere she awhile may make her safe abode
> Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
> And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
> On the long voyage whereto she is bent :
> Well may she speed, and fairely finish her intent.
>
> Book I. Can. XII. St. 42.

THOMSON.

All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

THE SEASONS. I. 463, 4.
Aikin's Ed. Lond. 1778.

DOES it not seem highly probable that the *turn* of thought and expression in these delightful lines was suggested, or at least influenced, by a charming passage?

Αυταρ εμοι γλυκυς ὑπνος ὑπο πλατανῳ βαθυφυλλῳ·
Και παγᾶς φιλεοιμι τον εγγυθεν ηχω ακουειν,
Ἁ τερπει ψοφεοισα τον αγρικον, ἐυχι ταρασσει.

MOSCH. Id. δ'. Ed. Anni 1584, p. 307.

Though the learning of THOMSON appears to have been very considerable, there is scarcely in any poet so little of direct imitation.

The Close of his AUTUMN.

Ver. 1350. O Nature, all-sufficient! over all!
Endue me with a knowledge of thy works——
Ver. 1365. But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition——

is a passage caught by a noble emulation from that glorious effusion of philosophic ardour and poetical sensibility in VIRGIL:

Ver. 475. Me verò primùm dulces *ante omnia* MUSÆ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti perculsus amore——
Ver. 483. Sin has ne possim Naturæ accedere partes,
Frigidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis
Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes:
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius——

And he caught the flame of this sublime, and at the same time tender enthusiasm, from the torch of LUCRETIUS:

—— quædam divina Voluptas
PERCULIT, atque horror, quod sic NATURA tua vi
Tam manifesta patet ex omni parte retecta.
DE RES. NAT. III *in exordio* Ed. Gryph. 1558.

—— MOENIA MUNDI
DISCEDUNT ——— ibid.

I believe this great image suggested to VIRGIL that rapturous exclamation,

—— Video medium DISCEDERE cœlum
Palantesque Polo Stellas!———

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

BION'S EPITAPH ON ADONIS.

The αιαζω and the αι, αι, so often repeated in the Epitaphium Adonidis, particularly in these lines,

Ὑμιν εχει' αειδομενον μελος, ᾀδεῖαι αι, αι·
Αι, αι, και Ἰον Αδωνιν εἰι πλεον, αι Ὑμεναιον,

strikingly reminds us of a passage in JEREMIAH, in the admirable *Lectures* on *Hebrew poesy:*

לא יספרו לי הוי אחי והי אחות׃
לא יספרו לי הוי אדון והי הדה׃

They shall not recite over him, *Alas, my Brother*, or *alas*, my Sister.
They shall not recite over him, *Alas, Adon*[k], or, *alas*, Glory.
JER. xxii. v. 18. LOWTH De SAC. POES. Præl. xxii.

This is, in reality, the very form of expression:

AI, AI, Ἰαν Κυθερειαν. απωλεῖο ΚΑΛΟΣ ΑΔΩΝΙΣ.

The Septuagint, struck with the seeming impropriety, *Ah, my sister!* of a man, have omitted it wholly. But the *parallelism* of *Hebrew verse*, and what we may believe the *formula* of these funeral rites, sufficiently

[k] Lord. The very radical of *Adonis*, which is the same word precisely, with a termination *greciz'd*.

maintain it as a part of the text. Indeed it was not necessary, that on the death of a *woman only*, the latter exclamation of form should be used. It might be in sympathy for a surviving relative.

Of the *intercalary* verse the 107th, finely translated by Buchanan, is a beautiful specimen. The 136th is an example of continued intercalation: the epodic repetition falling in at the end of every verse.

It is no wonder if the *Alexandrian* Greek poets and their successors availed themselves of the treasures of *Hebrew poetry*, after they had been opened by the translation executed under the order and encouragement of PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

EPITAPH. ADONID. (p. 3.)

V. 24. Γοωσα for ϱοωσα, the emendation proposed by Mr. WAKEFIELD [1], appears highly probable, and almost necessary. Βοᾶν would hardly be the expression of extreme and desponding sorrow. Unless we say that the *Idyllium* commences when VENUS is seeking him, and as

[1] It was not in our power earlier to notice Mr. WAKEFIELD's elegant and accurate edition of MOSCHUS and BION, in a very small pocket volume (Lond. 1795), and avail ourselves of his critical remarks.

yet unapprized of his death. The imperfect tense ηωρειΐο, φοινισσεΐο, πορφυρονΐο, favours this construction. While she was seeking him as living, he lay, slain by the boar;—and the blood was still flowing from the mortal wound, while she vainly called [m] upon him that could not hear.

If she is understood as present, we must read ηωρειΐαι, φοινισσεΐαι, πορφυρονΐαι. If it be said, the tense was changed to avoid an unpleasant concurrence—φοινισσεΐαι οἱ, there is one yet stronger concurrence put before εἰβεΐαι αἷμα. Attentive as the *Greek* poets were to harmony, they were yet more attentive to that beauty of picturesque expression which arises from an exact observance of the *time* and *locality* of events. On the whole, this idea seems the most probable and most affecting. And βοωσα may be then retained in the text.

Ovid, in his beautiful narrative of the loves of Venus for Adonis, (X. Met.) supposes her *absent* at his death; though with a change of circumstances.

[m] *I vain'ly call on him that can not hear;*
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

Gray.

Agnovit *longe* gemitum morientis: et albas
Flexit aves illuc.—Utque æthere vidit ab alto
Exanimem, inque suo jactantem sanguine corpus,
Desiluit, pariterque sinus pariterque capillos
Rupit, & indignis percussit pectora palmis.

719.—23.

And *our* sweet and admirable Bard, in *his* VENUS and ADONIS, follows the same supposition with his then master, OVID. The

inque suo jactantem,

seems to be from VIRGIL;

Moriensque suo se in vulnere versat.

as the cadence and turn of expression are in the close of this passage:

——— trepidumque & tuta petentem
Trux APER insequitur:—tortosque sub inguine dentes
Abdidit, *et fulvâ moribundum stravit arenâ.* MET. X. 714.

Idemque ad tumulum quo maximus occubat Hector
Victorem Buten *immani corpore*, qui se
Bebryciâ veniens Amyci de gente ferebat
Perculit, *et fulvâ moribundum* extendit *arenâ.*

ÆN. V. 371.

Perhaps there is not an instance of a more exquisite accommodation. The same pause at the beginning of the line, but with a change of image and modification of tone, most happily chosen. And instead of the *ex-*

tendit, for the giant, simply *stravit,* for the young and beautiful, and unresisting Adonis. We see the giant's enormous bulk stretched on the plain by the rapidity of a fatal stroke. ADONIS lies struck down as a *flower* [n], or as the *young herb* severed by the *scythe.* In such instances the power of taste and genius is conspicuous, and the amicable competition of great poets delightful.

V. 22. Σπερχομεναν, " hastening," seems to be almost a certain emendation for ερχομεναν.

V. 33. Κλαζονλι, appears preferable to κλαιονλι.

And the rivers murmuring resound the sorrows of Venus.

V. 51. Οιχεαι, the conjecture of PIERSON, seems necessary here in the text. There is the same difference nearly between this word and ερχεαι, as between *go* and *come:* ερχεσθαι being generally used in the latter sense. But beside this, οιχεσθαι is the word which has

[n] We have here used as a *comparison* what some think was the circumstance which *suggested* the feast itself. It was celebrated at the close of *harvest:* when the *all-fruitful* earth, *widowed* by the ſtroke of the scythe, seemed to have loſt her *pleasure,* and when the Egyptian year arrived at its close. See AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, L. 22: his words are remarkable, " *Amato Veneris,* ut fabulæ fingunt, *apri* ferali *dente deleto:* quod in *adulto flore sectarum* est indicium *frugum.* SPENCER. de LL. Hebrr. L. II. cap. 37.

the expression of sorrow and despair associated with the use of it. Unless we prefer Mr. WAKEFIELD's second conjecture without the conjunction, φευγεις μακρον Αΐδωνι, καΐερχεαι εις Αχερονΐα.

The omission of the conjunction has certainly greater force and emphasis. The instance, however, from OD. Λ. 474, does not precisely confirm it. For there Achilles, who *is* in *Hades* (the regions of darkness and invisibility), asks *Ulysses* how he could bear to *come down* to them. Still, on the whole, καΐερχεαι is the nearest, and appears the preferable reading.

V. 73. Βαλλε δε νιν.—This, as proposed by Mr. WAKEFIELD, is not improbable.

V. 83. Λεβηΐι χρυσειῳ, in the singular, supported by the Florentine MS. appears to be a reading necessary to be adopted. One cauldron, or boiler, was sufficient for one of these winged children to carry.

V. 95. Καλον for Και μιν, has the suffrage of WAKEFIELD also, as of HESKIN and of BRUNCK; and, as it seems, with great reason.

V. 97. Κομμων for κωμων, appears to be absolutely necessary.

AMOR FUGITIVUS, (p. 33.)

Χρωτα μεν ȣν Λευκος πυριγ' εικελος—" He is white indeed; white as flame"—appears a most certain emendation, as proposed by Mr. WAKEFIELD. If there could be any doubt of this elegant reading, LONGUS (in his *Daphnis* and *Chloe)* would confirm it. " White as milk, brilliant as flame."

Δαμασας αγε should be restored, agreeably to Stobæus, and MSS. " overpower and bring." Indeed he is not easily bound unless overpowered.

AMOR DISCIPULUS, (p. 39.)

V. 9. Κιθαριν, as WAKEFELD observes, is right, without the δ. The cæsura and the resonance of the ν sufficiently support it.

EPITAPHIUM BIONIS, (p. 41.)

V. 16. There seems little reason for suspecting this verse. But a verse, probably, is wanting; or, perhaps, rather is transposed. For probably we should read thus after ver. 2:

Και ποταμοι κλαιοιτε τον ἱμεροεντα Βιωνα
Ὁιαν υμετεροις ποτι χειλεσι γηρυν αειδεν.

Et vos o fluvii dulcem deflete Biona
Vestra ad labra melos, (meministis) quale canebat.

And this transposition appears to be almost certain :

And ye rivers, lament the amiable, the delightful Bion,
In such strains as he us'd to sing by your banks.

The metaphor is so easy, in the classic languages of χειλος and Labrum, that the latter is used for a great vessel containing water for sacrificial purposes; and χειλος in the Greek, not only in verse but in prose, for the banks of a river, or even for the shore of the sea. So, beside the poetic instances quoted by Mr. WAKEFIELD from BATRACHOM:

Ακροις παρ χειλεσσιν ὁπȣ καλακρημνος ὁ χωρος,

and

Χειλος ὑπερ ποταμȣ δονακωδεος, ORPH. ARGON. 798.

and that from LONGUS,—we have a remarkable instance in the eloquent author of the Epistle to the HEBREWS, XI. 12,

Διο και αφ' ἑνος εγενηθησαν, και ταυτα νενεκρωμενȣ, καθως τα αστρα τȣ ȣρανȣ τῳ πληθει, και ὡς ἡ αμμος [o] ἡ

[o] This reading has the support of the *Alexandrian*, and of other of the best and oldest MSS. and is favoured deservedly by GRIERSBACH.

παρα το ΧΕΙΛΟΣ της θαλασσης ἡ αναριθμητος. For thus, and not ωσει αμμος, without the article, this beautiful period seems to require to be read.

The *Hebrew*, שפה, has exactly this homonymy. GEN. XXII. 17.

V. 34. We find our idea is confirmed of a verse or more deficient here. Mr. WAKEFIELD was struck, in like manner, with the quaintness and coldness of the metaphor, and has expressed the same opinion, that there is something to be supplied, the want of which has occasioned this appearance of a forced and unnatural conceit.

V. 89. As ποθει occurs soon after the reading proposed by Mr. WAKEFIELD, πενθευντι appears elegant and probable. And yet more so, for the same reason,

V. 91. Οδυρατο, that μυρατο and εμυρατο may not be in two successive lines.

V. 112. Instead of the first εν Mr. WAKEFIELD would read ων for εν, to avoid the two ενς—But there seems no necessity: and the line, which is a most noble one, sinks into the bass, and closes on the monosyllable with the solemn sweetness of even music itself. It

was greatly admired by that excellent man, and pre-eminent scholar, Dr. FOSTER, master of ETON.

V. 126. More probably, as Mr. W. seems to think, ὡς κεν, with the same formula repeated as in the preceding verse.

V. 128. We must read here of necessity either

Κακειην Σικελα και Αιτναιαισιν επαιξεν,

with RUNKHENIUS, or

Κακειην Σικελατε και Αιτναιαισιν επαιξεν,

with WAKEFIELD—The former appears preferable. The other is not better than to say, the *British* and *Richmond* hills.

The story of ADONIS being the son of CINYRAS and MYRRHA, may perhaps be thus explained.

כנר *Chinnor*, or *Kinnor*, is the *Harp*. אדן *Eeden*, is *Pleasure*. מור *Murr*, or Mōr, is to change. Now very probably these words מור אדן כנר, would be the formula of a Dirge, *Murr eeden chinnor*, or rather *Mûr eeden kinnor*—"The pleasure of the harp is changed." Great expressions in public of joy or sorrow have been, in all ages, accompanied with music; which, indeed, is more powerful than words to excite general and most vivid emotions of joy or grief.

—— *Cantavit Tibia festis*
Cantavit nigris Tibia funeribus. OVID.

The perpetual association of these words, and their use, probably, on the feasts of ADONIS, might suggest the fable that *Adonis* (or *Eedonis)*, the commutation of vowels being frequent in the Oriental languages, was the son of *Myrrha* and *Cinyras*. And from the solemn tone of the harp on such occasions, *Chinnûr, kinnor,* and thence *kinnuresthai,* κινυρεσθαι, might come to have the signification of uttering a mournful tone. And yet, from the power of Music in awakening our livelier feelings, *Kinnor,* the *Harp,* might very properly be called the FATHER OF PLEASURE. *Kinnôr* seems to be an imitative name derived from the sound itself.

HORACE AND LUCIAN.

The Latin writers are constantly accused of borrowing from the Greek, and amongst others, Horace, in his Odes, from Pindar, Sappho, and Anacreon, and in his art of poetry, which is the subject of our present consideration, from the Poetics of Aristotle; but we have never been told of a Grecian who took a Roman for his model. Lucian, however, in his tract, treating of the manner in which history should be written, when compared with Horace in the work just mentioned, exhibits so many coincidences, that we cannot imagine them to be the mere effect of chance. Virgil is not less frequent in adopting the diction, the turns, the exquisite rhetorical arrangement of Cicero, than Tacitus is in his adoption of expressions and images from Virgil. Yet these are not plagiarisms, but incidental resemblances beautifully reflected from genius by kindred genius. Something more, however, appears in the concurrences of the two short pieces before us. Horace, according to Blair's Chronology, died B. C. eight years, aged 57; and Lucian A. D. 180, aged 90. We shall confer a few passages, and then, for the reader's better satisfaction, direct his attention to the works themselves.

Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poetam;
V. 306, 7 P.

Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error.
V. 308.

P The thought preceding these verses quoted from Horace, the poet borrowed from Isocrates:

——————— fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
V. 304, 5.

Και προς τον ερομενον διοτι εκ ων αυτος ικανος αλλους ποιει, ειπεν· ὁτι και αἱ ακοναι αὐται μεν τεμειν * ου δυνανται, τον δε σιδηρον τμητικον ποιουσιν. Πλουταρχου Ισοκρατης.
Ed. Fol. Xylander, p. 450.

* τεμνειν.

Lucian says he is about

ȣχ ἱστοριαν συγγραφειν, ȣδε πραξεις αυτας διεξιεναι· ȣχ ȣ̓τω μεγαλοτολμος εγω, μηδε τȣτο δεισῃς περι εμȣ ——— ——— παραινεσιν δε τινα μικραν, και ὑποθηκας ταυτας ολιγας ὑποθησομαι τοις συγγραφουσιν.———

Ed. Fol. Bourdelot, p. 348.

Διτ̄ȣ δε οντος τȣ της συμβȣλης εργȣ, τα μεν γαρ αἱρεισθαι, τα δε φευγειν διδασκει. P. 349[q].

[q] Διτ̄ȣ δε όντος.—And Livy: Inde tibi tuæque Reipublicæ quod imitere capias, inde fœdum incœptu, fœdum exitu, quod vites.

Ed. Elz. 1678. In Proëmio.

Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditésque cachinnum.

V. 112. 3[r].

Incœptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis,
Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus ———

V. 14. 5.

——— Amphora cœpit
Institui: currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?

V. 21. 2.

Parturiunt montes ——— V. 139.

Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum.

V. 23.

Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species: ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ —— V. 6, 7, 8.

[r] *Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it may make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, &c.*

HAMLET.

Και οἱ μεν πολλοι ισως δε ταυτα σου επαιεσονται· οἱ ολιγοι δε εκεινοι, ὡν συ καταφρονεις, μαλα ἡδυ, και ες κορον γελασονται, ὁρωντες το ασυφηλον, και αναρμοστον, και δυσκολλητον τ̓ε πραγματος. P. 352.

Και μην και αλλους ιδοις αν, τα μεν ωροιμια λαμπρα, και τραγικα, και ες ὑπερβολην μακρα συγγραφοντας, ὡς ελπισαι θαυμαστα ἡλικα τα μετα ταυτα παντως ακμασεσθαι, το σωμα δε αυτο της ἱστοριας μικρον τι και αγενες επαγοντας, ὡς και τ̓ετο εοικεναι παιδιῳ, ει που ερωτα ειδες παιζοντα [s], προσωπειον Ηρακλεους παμμεγα. P. 358.

Ωδινεν ορος. P. 358.

Χρη δε μη ουτως, αλλ̓ ὁμοια τα παντα, και ὁμοχροα ειναι, και συναδον τῃ κεφαλῃ το αλλο σωμα ——

P. 358.

See also p. 368 and 370.

[s] παιζοντι seems necessary; and probably with a transposition, thus: παιδιῳ (ει που ειδες) ερωτα παιζονθ̓.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, &c. V. 1.

—— Lucus, et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnas ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus ære dato qui pingitur?
V. 16–20.

Antiphaten, Scyllámque, et cum Cyclope Charybdin.
V. 145.

Ιδοις γαρ αν αφθονως τοιυτως συγγραφεας, τω Ροδιων Κολοσσω την κεφαλην ναυωδει σωματι επιτιθεντας ——

P. 358.

Εισι γαρ τινες, οἱ τα μεγαλα μεν των πεπραγμενων, και αξιομνημονευτα παραλειπουσιν, η παραθεουσιν, ὑπο δε ιδιωτειας, και απειροκαλιας, και αγνοιας των λεκτεων, η σιωπητεων, τα μικροτατα πανυ λιπαρως και φιλοπονως ἑρμηνευουσουσιν εμβραδυνοντες· ὡσπερ αν ει τις τω Διος τω εν Ολυμπια το μεν ὁλον καλλος, τοσουτον και τοιουτον ον, μη βλεποι, μηδ' επαινοι, μη δε τοις ωκ ειδοσιν εξηγειτο· τω ὑποδιω δε, το, τε ευθυεργες και το ευξεστον θαυμαζοι, και της κρηπιδος το ευρυθμον, και ταυτα πανυ μετα πολλης φροντιδος διεξιων.

Εγωγ'ουν ηκουσα τινος την μεν επ' Ευρωπῳ μαχην εν ωδ' ὁλοις ἑπτα επεσι παραδραμοντος, εικοσι δε μετρα η ετι πλειω ὑδατος ανηλωκοτος εις ψυχραν και ωδεν ἡμιν προσηκουσαν διηγησιν. P. 360.

Τους δρακοντας Παρθυαιων. P. 361.

L. 7. ἑρμηνευουσιν.
L. 10. ὑποποδιω.

Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.
V. 180, 1 [t].

——— Professus grandia turget:
Serpit [u] humi, tutus nimiùm, timidúsque procellæ.
V. 27, 8.

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
V. 31.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecítque puer; sudavit et alsit.
V. 408—13.

[t] So Herodotus in relating the story of Gyges and Candaules:

Ωτα γαρ τυγχανει ανθρωποισιν εοντα απιστοτερα των οφθαλμων.
Clio. Ed. Glasg. § 8.

Julian. Imperat. Epist. ὁ Θηριος ωτα ειπεν ανθρωποις οφθαλμων απιστοτερα. Bourdelot thinks Lucian had the thought from him. Who is to decide among them?

[u] The phrase Serpit humi is copied very closely in page 367.

Η λεξις δε ὁμως ΕΠΙ ΓΗΣ ΒΕΒΗΚΕΤΩ.

And p. 355. χαμαιπετες, translated by Micyl, *humi serpens*.

Ωτα οφθαλμων απιστοτερα. P. 361.

Των αμεσων ἡ θατερα αρσις [x], το ἑτερον παντως αντεισαγει. P. 363.

Καιτοι ε γαρ αν φαιης αϖροσδεη τον συνετον ειναι της τεχνης, και διδασκαλιας, ὡν αγνοει. Επει καν εκιθαριζε [y] μη μαθων, και ηυλει και παντα αν ηπιστατο. Νυν δε μη μαθων, εκ αν τι αυτων χειρουργησειεν· ὑποδειξαντος δε τινος, ραστα τε αν μαθοι, και ευ μεταχειρισαιτο εφ' αὑτε. P. 364.

x Perhaps καθαιρεσις. Though αἱρειν is to raise and to take away; as *tollere* is in Latin.

y Navem agere ignarus Navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare. Quod Melicorum est,
Promittunt Melici. Hor. Lib. II. 1. Epist.

LUCIAN, page 367, permits the historian to raise his voice in describing battles, &c.

HORACE has,

Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit.

V. 93.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat;
Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis Auctor.

V. 42—5.

——— et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit.

V. 150.

——— monstravit Homerus.

V. 74.

Quanto rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè.

V. 140.

P. 371. Παραδει Ταντάλον. Was *Lucian* one of those critics who thought this, and Sisyphus and some other narrations in the Νεκυια of the *Odyssey*, spurious?

LUCRETIUS, however, has alluded to *Tantalus*: but his is the *Archilochian* Tantalus, with the rock hanging over him. But *Lucretius* has *Sisyphus* ——

Hoc est adverso nixantem trudere monte
Saxum, quod tamen a summo jam vertice rursum
Volvitur, et plani raptim petit æquora campi.

Virgil has neither Tantalus nor Sisyphus expressly. But much inference cannot be drawn as to the latter, since the Lucretian Si-

Λεγω δε ει παραθεοις μεν τα μικρα και ἡττον αναγκαια, λεγοις δ' ἱκανως τα μεγαλα· μαλλον δε και παραλειπτεον πολλα. P. 371.

Ὁρᾳς τι και Ὁμηρος, ὡς μεγαλοφρων ποιει· καιτοι ποιητης ων, παραθει τον Τανταλον, και τον Ιξιονα, και Τιτυον και τȣς αλλȣς. Ει δε Παρθενιος, η Ευφοριων, η Καλλιμαχος ελεγε, ποσοις αν, οιει, επεσι το ὑδωρ αχρι προς το χειλος τȣ Τανταλȣ ηγαγεν; ειτα ποσοις αν Ιξιονα εκυλισε;
P. 371.

syphus did not admit of either improvement or variation. The manner, at the same time, in which Lucretius solves this piece of mythology,

Nam petere imperium, quod inane est, nec datur unquam,
Atque in eo semper durum perferre laborem,
Hoc est, &c.

would have awakened recollections not very pleasing to Augustus.

——— Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

V. 268, 9.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum, &c.

V. 136, 7.

So Lucian, in various places, compares the absurd mode of commencing histories with the judicious and proper.

Horace recommends the use of *Greek* words in Latin composition. Lucian ridicules a similar use of *Latin* words in the Greek; and speaks of it as the *purpureus pannus*—μεταξυ των Αττικων ονοματων τα Ιταλιωτικα ταυτα . . . ὡσπερ την πορφυραν επικοσμυντα και εμπρεποντα.

This mixture of Greek and Latin words, Horace himself ridicules in Serm. I. 10.

At magnum fecit, quòd verbis Græca Latinis,
Miscuit. O seri studiorum! quîne putetis
Difficile et mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
Contigit?
Scilicet oblitus patriæque patrísque Latini.

Συνεσιν τε και δυναμιν, ερμηνευτικην· την μεν, αδιδακτον τι της φυσεως δωρον· ἡ δυναμις δε, πολλῃ τῃ ασκησει, και συνεχει τῳ πονῳ και Ζηλῳ των αρχαιων προσγεγενημενη εστω. P. 363.

*** It should be observed, that we have, in the course of this comparison, closely adhered to Horace's Art of Poetry. Had we taken a wider range, we could have shewn many other ideas in Lucian's Art of writing History, for which he was, in all probability, indebted to the Latin poet. As for instance:

Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima
Stultitiâ caruisse. Ep. I. 1.

Οστις αν ταυτα και τοιαυτα φευγῃ, πολυ μερος ηδη ες το ορθως συγγραφειν ετος προσειληφε. P. 363.

Ut Magus; modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.
Ep. II. 1.

Και προς παντα σπευδετω, και, ὡς δυνατον, ὁμοχρονειτω· και μεταπετεσθω, απ' Αρμενιας μεν εις Μηδιαν, εκειθενδε ες Ἰβηριαν. P. 369.

There is a coincidence of sentiment and manner in the celebrated instructions of HAMLET to the players, and this, in the page last quoted, of LUCIAN. After observing that the historian in describing a battle must be present to both armies, and partake, as it were, of every great occurrence, pursue with the pursuers, and flee with those who flee, but yet he adds, *let there be moderation in all this: let it not be to satiety, nor ungracefully, nor with childish ostentation, but delivered with ease.* Παντι τουτοις μετρον ἐπεσθω· μη εις κορον, μηδε απειροκαλως, μηδε νεαρως, αλλα ραδιως απολυεσθω.

THE END.